

DATES AND DISTANCES,

SHOWING WHAT MAY BE DONE IN A

TOUR OF SIXTEEN MONTHS

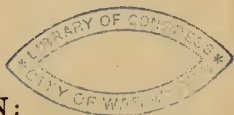
THROUGH

VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE,

AS PERFORMED IN

THE YEARS 1829 AND 1830.

2. L. Murray
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LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXI.



NORTH
SEA

BRITISH CHANNEL

FRANCE

GERMANY

HUNGARY

POLAND

GALICIA

RUSSIA

BLACK
SEA

ADRIATIC

GULF OF BOTHNIA

GULF OF FINLAND

BALTIC SEA

SWEDEN

DENMARK

NETHERLANDS

PRUSSIA

LOMBARDY

VENETIAN

Stockholm

Upsala

Christiania

Malmö

Copenhagen

Altona

Hamburg

Berlin

Warsaw

St. Petersburg

Moscow

London

Paris

Brussels

Amsterdam

Rotterdam

Antwerp

Lyon

Milan

Venice

Trieste

Genoa

Naples

Rome

Constantinople

Istanbul

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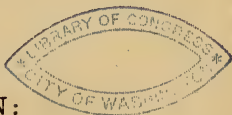
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THE YEARS 1829 AND 1830.

Chas. Lockington
1837
Lockington



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MDCCCXXXI.

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN the Author was projecting the Tour which he has attempted to describe in the following sheets, he experienced considerable difficulty in procuring a satisfactory route: for, though volumes of travels in most of the countries which he visited now abound, the writers of them have not stopped to specify particulars useful to strangers; and ordinary guide-books, however numerous, having to delineate on an extensive scale, seldom, if ever, distinguish those places which have been the subject of the compiler's personal inspection: hence a traveller, ignorant of details, is liable to

pass over much which is worth seeing, and also to consume his time on what does not repay its expenditure.

For a long period we were without any useful descriptive work on Germany*, till Mr. Russell's excellent dissertations appeared. They have since been succeeded by Mr. Planché's Course of the Danube, which leaves nothing to be wished for on that branch of the subject, and very recently by an Itinerary from the pen of Mr. Domeier: this latter having been published during the present writer's absence, he had no opportunity of benefiting by it on his journey; but the most valuable of all to the traveller, if he understand German, is, 'Deutschland,' by Dr. Weber, which is replete with mis-

* Reichard's Instructions are now obsolete, and his translator does not always do him justice. It is almost superfluous to mention Schreiber's Rhine, except to notice that the French version is to be preferred.

cellaneous information relative to that country, presented in a cheerful and agreeable, though very diffuse style.

The Author was at last relieved from the embarrassment of selection by the kindness of a friend who furnished him with a sketch of his own tour in Holland and Germany, from which he derived so much advantage, that he has been induced to communicate the result in a public form for the accommodation of others, pursuing a middle course between a regular book of travels and a mere dry itinerary.

The idea of publication, however, not having suggested itself till after his return to England, his notes were not taken with the precision which can disclaim all imputation of error, though, as they have been revised with care, he does not apprehend that in any material point they are likely to mislead.

Distrusting the scantiness of his own matter, he has endeavoured to infuse some amusement into the narrative by occasional deviations from the strict task of portraying the usual objects of a traveller's curiosity, especially by the insertion of a few anecdotes relative to the diplomatic and military operations from 1807 to 1815, furnished from a channel of undoubted authority. But if, after all, his book unfortunately fails to please, he can only plead that 'it is but a little one,' and that its pretensions are not ambitious; the purpose of the writer being limited to the production of a work which the traveller may not find useless, the critic deride, nor the good man condemn.

London, June, 1831.

DATES AND DISTANCES,

&c

IN the ancient church of Sittingbourn, in Kent, is a tombstone, purporting (as far as its inscription can be deciphered) to cover the remains of a certain Godfrey de ———, who so gloried in having visited various regions of England and France— ‘*Salvere te viator jubeo... Aliquot Galliaë et multas Angliæ regiones vidi,*’ that this marvellous effort of peregrination is prominently placed among the merits which the epitaph records of his character, for the information of those travellers who may penetrate so far into the kingdom of Kent. It will do no harm to suppose that the same taste

for wandering may have been transmitted in the blood to his descendant, and may account for his travels, though it will give him no excuse for publishing them. Indeed he cannot but anticipate the probable taunt, that he would have done better in imitating his ancestor's example, and, by confining himself to similar posthumous publicity, secured the indemnity which benevolent usage claims for the dead. None of us, however, in these days are so prudent as our forefathers ; and, like many others, I am tempted to quit the path of tranquil obscurity to enter on the wide way which leads to probable mortification. Nevertheless, in adopting this venturesome resolution, I am, in some degree, fortified by the dictum of high critical authority, that the great excellence of a book of travels is, that it may contain a tolerably faithful register of facts*. Now I hope the veracity of my assertions will not be impugned as far as they go ; though in the pre-

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xvi. p. 365.

sent instance the communication of my observations has necessarily been qualified, as I do not intend to follow the title of my book so closely as to trace with minuteness our passage through countries which have been a thousand times described, but to pass rapidly on to those parts of Europe, lying in our route, which are less known to the traveller and the reader of travels ; and, by occasionally supplying the omissions of ordinary guide-books, to do my best to facilitate the way to those who may think proper to follow our course. The narrative will also furnish an additional instance, that the enjoyment of travelling beyond the commonplace high roads from Paris to Rome, and the familiar mountains of Switzerland, may be shared by any female in tolerable health, who possesses a moderate portion of courage, and is willing to conquer privation by bearing it with good sense and equanimity.

It was, then, towards the end of May 1829, that we (‘ a man and his wife without in-

‘cumbrance,’ to use the newspaper phrase) left England with the view of making a tour through Holland, Germany, and Italy—a plan which circumstances induced us afterwards considerably to enlarge. It is worth while, on quitting Calais, to go through Dunkirk, if it is only to view its splendid quay and pier, the latter of which seems to be longer than that of Calais; and the beautiful portico of St. Eloy. Leaving Dunkirk*, the traveller will do well to cross the Sands to Furnes, in preference to going by the paved road, which is usually in bad condition. The direct road to Bruges runs through Ghistel. Being desirous, however, to see Ostend, we left Ghistel on the right. A carriage may be embarked on the Treckschuyt, which plies between Ostend and Bruges. But this is not generally practicable on the Dutch canals. We preferred going by land to Bruges, which we found in

* A fine of three francs is levied at Dunkirk on every window on the lower floor which is left open at night.

a great bustle, in consequence of the expected arrival of the king from Ghent. The municipality and the heads of the academy went out to meet his Majesty, preceded by the town guards, with the city banners, and pages equipped in the ancient Spanish costume, and the students of the university arrayed in uniforms of light blue and silver, and bearing the arms of Lancers. All this pomp was curiously contrasted with the equipage of the king, who entered the city in a shabby old carriage, apparently hired at the last post-house.

Bruges may afford employment for two days to the traveller, who should especially not fail to see the old paintings in the Hospital of St. Jean, executed by Emmelick in 1490. A fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained from the turret of the Town House. For the other curiosities of this city, as well as for those of every part of Holland and the Netherlands, reference may be had to Boyce's 'Belgian Traveller,'

which is one of the most accurate and agreeable guide-books ever offered to the tourist. We managed to see a great deal of Ghent in one day, but it would perhaps be better to devote two days to this celebrated city, which not only contains much worth seeing, but is full of associations in which the reader of the times of Charles V. will be happy to indulge.

Because I am silent on the subject of the admirable paintings which abound in the churches and public establishments of this city, I would deprecate the charge of being insensible to their beauties. They are enumerated by Boyce, and their merits have been amply discussed by preceding travellers ; besides, not pretending to any great original taste in these matters, I shall at least abstain from surfeiting my readers by *hashing up* the opinions of others. We were much pleased here with the gallery of pictures belonging to Mr. Schamp, one of the best private collections on the Continent. Strangers are readily

admitted on application to Mr. Schamp, who extends his courtesy towards English families by attending them in person. The Conception of the Virgin by Correggio, and the portrait of Rembrandt, by himself, with his Poodle, are superb.

From Ghent to Brussels is an easy day's journey. Brussels appeared to us at that time to be among the dullest of the cities on the Continent which Englishmen have chosen for their economical residence. Amusements must be cheap indeed, if there was any truth in an advertisement which announced to the lovers of dancing an illuminated ball, to which the price of admittance was 15 cents (about $1\frac{1}{2}d.$), a bottle of beer included. Nobody would even glance at farther remarks on Brussels under the last regime: when tourists, however, gain sufficient courage to revisit this ill-fated city, they will find eight days ample for all sights, including the indispensable jaunt to Waterloo, which demands a day to itself. The public collection

of pictures is scarcely on a par with those in other continental capitals, but nevertheless deserves a long visit.

By breakfasting at Mechlin on our departure from Brussels, we had the whole day before us for visiting the churches of the city, which possess some of the finest Rubens in Flanders, and to reach Antwerp with ease in the evening. Not, however, that the fat, red, fleshy, gigantic figures of this Prince of Flemish painters engage my unalloyed admiration, notwithstanding their wonderful colouring and power of expression. Guido said, he mixed blood with his colours; and to his and Barrocci's productions have been applied the observation originally made on an ancient painter, that their figures look as if they had fed on roses. I should be almost tempted, in some specimens of Rubens to read hollyhocks for roses; but a previous acquaintance with the divine masters of Italy is an unfavourable preparation for fairly appreciating that part of the Fle-

mish school which at all comes into competition or comparison with their surpassing excellence.

Having entered Holland, the traveller must be prepared for extortion ; during his stay in Holland, he must expect but little civility ; and until he quit Holland, he must reconcile himself to damp, stagnation, and all the disgusts of an impure atmosphere. After passing a day and a half at the noble city of Antwerp (the great chefs-d'œuvre of Rubens are in the Cathedral), we proceeded to Breda, our only object in visiting which was to see the exquisite monument to the memory of Engelbrecht the Second and his wife, in the principal church, executed by Michael Angelo, in alabaster, or oriental transparent marble. This admirable piece of sculpture will recompense the traveller for a short delay in a town which we found far from agreeable, owing to the boisterous merriment of a fair then celebrating, and which we should have left in the night, but for fear of fatiguing our

female servant. On leaving Breda, we went by mistake to Moerdyk, and passed the ferry in a steam-boat, instead of crossing the Meuse below Goruchen or Gorcum, which is the most agreeable route.

Rotterdam being within common steamer distance, is almost as well known in England as its corresponding port Harwich. Passing from it to the Hague, we stopped at the new church at Delft for the purpose of seeing the magnificent monument of William the First of Orange. Mary of Burgundy, who is buried in the church of Notre Dame at Bruges, perished in attempting to save her drowning spaniel. William, on the contrary, owed his life to his faithful dog, whose vigilance rescued his master from the midnight attacks of some Spanish troopers, and which grieved to death after his decease. The attachment of the dog is commemorated on the tombstone. Delft, it is well known, was famous for its porcelain, and gave birth to Grotius, whose plain and elegant monument may also

be seen in the new church ; but its pottery and its politics have passed away together. A road delightfully shaded with trees leads from Delft to the Hague. After Murillo's exquisite picture of the Virgin and the Infant Saviour, the Wood, a promenade so called, is, perhaps, the most interesting object. It is about two miles long, and nearly one in breadth, and abounds with oaks, beeches, and elms of an enormous size, which afford so thick a shade, that the sun does not incommode the passenger even at mid-day in summer. Towards evening, however, the climate of Holland assumes its leaden sway, its ornamental pieces of water look mistful and unhealthy, while the Wood, deprived prematurely of light, gives an idea of melancholy and gloom. Voltaire said of this splendid 'village,' as it is called, 'La Haye est un séjour délicieux, et la liberté y rend les hivers moins rudes.' He would have found it dreadfully cold at St. Petersburg.

Scheveling is a short drive from the

Hague ; we went thither, not to meditate on the vicissitudes which caused the departure from, and return of, the Dutch Sovereign to that port, but to inhale some pure sea air, and temporarily to shake off the enervating influence of swamps and canals. The cheerfulness of Leyden, the prettiest and neatest town of Holland, also contributed to this effect. The Botanic Garden there is tastefully laid out and well supplied. In a greenhouse is shown a palm-tree planted two hundred years ago. One can scarcely speak in too high terms of the Museum of Natural History at Leyden. I have visited many establishments of this description, but have seen none which surpass that museum in the quantity of its treasures, and the excellent manner in which they are preserved. It is also rich in anatomical preparations. The Cabinet of Antiquities contains twenty-seven mummies, besides many other Egyptian curiosities. The collection was also about to be enriched by a large addition ob-

tained, it was said, from the Swedish Consul at Alexandria, the purchase having been declined by the British Government. The old castle in the centre of the town, one of its established curiosities, and now occupied as an inn, is not worth the trouble of inspection ; but an agreeable walk will be found by the banks of the principal canal, which is bordered with trees on both sides. A drive of six miles brought us to Catwyk, where are the famous sluices which conduct the expiring Rhine to the sea. Magnificent as these works are in their construction, they are not very striking to the eye as an exhibition, but, while surveying these extraordinary efforts of art, the influence of contrast on our feelings was unavoidable. We, who now witnessed the dispersion and degradation of the glorious river, had viewed it in its irresistible torrents rushing down the rocky heights of Laufen,—had traced from its glacier source the mountain rill, struggling to expand itself into the mighty stream which was to become the barrier of nations, and

the scene of contests for the dominion of the world.

We arrived at Haarlem on the 16th of June. I specify the date because we were too late by three weeks for the celebrated exhibition of tulips which takes place annually in this city. The flowers had not only, with few exceptions, disappeared, but the season was too advanced for Holland generally, as the heat had already affected the canals. After the tulips, or before them, according to taste, the famous organ is the great attraction. It has been a thousand times described, but it is impossible to convey an idea of the sensation of awe, wonder, and delight which its performance imparts. As usual, we paid twelve florins for the tune of 'The Storm.' The wonderful imitation of thunder is caused by the simultaneous pressure of the lower notes. A lady in company, having requested permission to try the organ, struck a few chords without sufficiently adverting to the power of the instrument,* and such was the

* Appendix A.

effect on her feelings, that she burst into tears. Another of our party, delighted beyond discretion by the grandeur of its tones, exclaimed that nothing could excel the imitation of the thunder—and *lightning*.

From Haarlem tourists generally turn off to Amsterdam, where the usual tour of Holland may be said to terminate. But being desirous to see the national costume of the peasantry, and Holland as it was one hundred years ago, we resolved to extend our excursion to the northern extremity of the province, returning by the wild shores of the Zuyder Zee to Amsterdam. Alkmaer was, accordingly, our first stage from Haarlem. This is a neat little town, with agreeable walks around it, as is usual in Holland. Bearing in mind the advice of the friend who had suggested this extension of our travels in Holland, we were careful to make our bargain previously to alighting, and everything seemed to go on smoothly, but the reckoning having, on examination, swelled to double the amount

agreed on, we naturally remonstrated ; when the termagant landlady observed, with the most audacious effrontery, that the agreement of the night before did not stand good next morning.

The journey from Alkmaer to the town of Helder occupied eight hours. The post does not go beyond Zand, where horses equally good are to be hired to the Helder, which is about ten miles further. The road is for the most part dreary and void of interest ; passing, however, by the village of Camperdown, from which Lord Duncan's victory took its name, until within two miles of the Helder, where the dock-yard of Willemsoord, with its arsenal, shipping, store-houses, &c., are descried, some relief is obtained from the monotony of continual sand, and an immense expanse of sea on each side. An excellent road leads to the town of the Helder, which is pretty and exemplarily clean. From the town, again, a walk extends to the extremity of the fortification, affording a fine view of

the ocean and the passage of the Mars-deep formed by the mouth of the Zuyder Zee, which separates the main land from the island of the Texel. We were happy to be received at a neat inn by a pleasing young man, who spoke French fluently, and with whom our arrangements were soon made on a reasonable scale. The idea of not encountering a landlady was cheering; but vain are the hopes of man. On calling for our bill the next morning, it was presented by a female with a rigidity of cap and feature that was quite appalling, each article being charged one hundred per cent. beyond the engagement. From the first I knew the case was desperate, but I ventured to represent that a very different bargain had been made the night before, when she tartly replied that her son had concluded it without any authority from her, and that hers was the correct account, and must be paid. I then submissively requested to be confronted with the son, but he had been

purposely sent out of the way, as she acknowledged, and we were left in the fangs of the insolent and unprincipled beldame. Reduced to this extremity, further resistance, except with the aid of the Commandant, which it was not worth while to solicit, became fruitless, and having satisfied her shameful demand, we pursued our journey amidst triumphant scoffs on her part, and useless execrations on mine. It is a painful truth that, not only in Holland, but in other parts of continental Europe, the instances of dishonesty of this description are most predominant among the females, to whom the sense of shame, which humbles a man when detected in an attempt to defraud, seemed quite unknown.

Passing through the old decayed town of Medenblick, we reached Hoorn on the evening of the day we quitted the Helder. Some of the buildings of Medenblick are roofed with polished Dutch tiles, which, reflecting

the sun's rays, look as if covered with snow. The mixture of thatch, brick, and wood-work, of which latter the fronts and gabel-ends of the houses are generally made, and painted green, has a very lively effect. The Dutch are so excessively fond of paint, that in two or three villages they had bedaubed to the height of eight feet the trunks of the trees which bordered the road, and sometimes to the distance of a mile. Possibly this might have been done to destroy insects, but the size of the trees seemed to render such precaution unnecessary. The latitude in which the men of North Holland used formerly to indulge in part of their apparel, seems to be almost entirely laid aside: at least I could observe but two genuine and enlarged specimens of this national peculiarity. The head-dress of the women, consisting of white lace, bound with a broad golden fillet across the forehead, and greatly concealing the hair, with a sort of blinker of the same metal worn over each temple, together with long

pendant earrings, appeared singularly picturesque to us accustomed to the homely attire of our own peasantry, and, while it almost supplied beauty to those to whom Providence has assigned but a very small portion of that advantage, created the impression that the wearers of such glittering ornaments must be in substantial circumstances.

It is the counsel of Jeremy Taylor, that we should ‘sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes, when he is ‘coming forth from his chambers of the east.’ By almost habitually conforming to this advice, we were enabled to get over a good deal of ground in the course of the day, without omitting anything worthy of attention. Thus, quitting Hoorn very early in the morning, we passed through Purmerende and Monnikendam, visited the villages of Brock and Saardam, and, embarking at the latter place on the steamer, reached Amsterdam the same evening. The tract of country called the Beemster, in which Purmerende is situ-

ated, was formerly a large lake many feet below the level of the sea at high water, but, having been drained by the inhabitants of the town in 1608, is now become most valuable pasture-land.

What Mr. Boyce has related of the singular toy-shop village of Brock is by no means exaggerated. Leaving our carriage at the gate, that we might not crush its mosaic pavement of variegated bricks, pebbles, and shells, we walked through the solitary streets. The shutters of the front windows were closed, and the doors barred ; not one inhabitant of the three hundred houses of which the village consists was to be seen ; no sign of life was to be discovered ; not even a brute animal disturbed the stillness ; and we returned to the more social ground of the high road without having encountered a single passenger. Our object in going to Saardam was of course to see the house once inhabited by Peter the Great when he worked there as a journeyman shipwright. It is minutely described

in the Belgium Guide, but no repetition of description, no familiarity of detail, can deaden the feeling of veneration with which one regards the humble dwelling of the wonderful genius to which nature had given the mastery over the defects and vices of a treacherous education. Exclusive of the interest which Saardam possesses on this account, it is beautifully situated, and a steam-boat being lately established between it and Amsterdam, a speedy conveyance is afforded to the capital. We embarked in the evening, and had a charming passage of an hour down the river, from which the numerous spires and splendid buildings of Amsterdam are seen to the best advantage.

Among the chefs-d'œuvre of painting at Amsterdam, it is difficult to form a preference, so embarrassing is their excellence; yet we found ourselves much longer detained before Vander Helst's 'Repast' than in the contemplation of the exquisite 'Night Watch' by Rembrandt, which is usually the favourite.

The attention is instantly riveted to the former by the transcendant execution of one particular head: for this single portrait, it is said, thirty thousand crowns have been refused. While on the subject of heads, I cannot help noticing the curious sign which in Holland and in parts of Germany is exhibited on the shops of the apothecaries, *viz.*, a gigantic Turk's head with its mouth open, the upper teeth bare, and the whole countenance distorted with disgust, as if from having just swallowed the most nauseating drugs of the repository over which it grins.

It is a pleasing drive from Amsterdam to Utrecht, the view of which latter from the high road is striking, and from the turret of the old Gothic cathedral a noble prospect is obtained. We were admitted to the annual exhibition of the exotic plants, but we did not observe any remarkable productions of horticultural skill. Perhaps, however, we

were not reasonable judges, as we passed with indifference the diminutive specimens of Indian plants raised here most probably with difficulty, but which we had been accustomed to view in all the exuberance of natural growth in their own genial climate. On leaving Utrecht, we went a little out of our way and breakfasted at Zeist, for the purpose of visiting the Moravian establishment there; but the children and artisans were absent on account of the vacation, and nothing was to be seen but a few ordinary articles of cutlery, toys, &c., which bore a higher price than similar ones in England: however, the whole road from Utrecht by Zeist, and Amerungen to Nimeguen being pleasant, nothing is lost by the deviation. Ascending to the Prospect House at Nimeguen, almost the only elevated spot in Holland, we enjoyed the fine view it presented, the pleasure of which was enhanced by the consciousness that we were now approaching the frontier, and were about

to exchange the dull monotonous morasses of Holland for the classical and exhilarating soil of Germany.

Germany welcomed us at Cleves. About a mile from this ancient town is an inn delightfully situated at the Thiergarten or Park, formerly occupied by Prince Maurice of Nassau, where the traveller finds accommodation of a superior description, and on reasonable terms. A hill rises behind covered with beautiful woods, through which are many pleasant walks and fine points of view. The openings are filled up by flowering shrubs, and, the intrusion of a few bad statues being excepted, the whole grounds are laid out in good taste. In front of the inn on the other side of the road is an extensive park, with avenues and clumps of trees of venerable growth. But the chief attraction is the prospect from the height, whence the eye embraces the whole of the valley of the Rhine from Nimeguen to old Wesel, where a hundred towns form pictures

in the landscape. The origin of the ancient house of Cleves, now extinct*, is traced by tradition to a romantic source. Towards the beginning of the eighth century, Beatrice, the daughter of the French commandant of Nimeguen, looking out of the window of the castle, beheld a milk white swan on the Rhine, majestically drawing, by a golden chain, a skiff of the same precious metal, in which was seated a male child of surpassing beauty, who was immediately declared to be the great progenitor of the House of Cleves, and the old castle thenceforth took the name of Schwanenburg in commemoration of the event.

We diverged from the direct route from Cleves to Dusseldorf, which is a moderate day's journey, in order to see Wesel, having

* Duke John II. did his best to avert this misfortune, having become the father of sixty-three children; wherefore his contemporaries greeted him with the appellation of 'child maker.'

————— Tibi tanta creandi

Copia, te felix natorum turba coronat.

CLAUDIAN.

erroneously supposed it to be a place of importance, but this was not the case ; and in consequence of the heaviness of the roads and the great delay in changing horses, we did not reach Dusseldorf till midnight, having been fourteen hours in the carriage. The road is quite uninteresting, however, except the immediate environs of Cleves and Bergenthal, where the Elector, John Maurice of Nassau, is buried in an iron tomb. A stone records that Bonaparte, perceiving the structure to be in decay, restored it in 1811. Some blockhead has attempted to efface Napoleon's name.

Dusseldorf, though a pretty town, contains nothing of note, the gallery having been long robbed of its principal ornaments, which are now in the collection at Munich. The Hotel de Deux Ponts is good. Here, however, as in some other German towns, the proprietor of the inn is not anxious to receive foreigners. The landlords are frequently men independent of their immediate calling, and as

German families travel about a great deal, and the residents also are extremely fond of dining at tables-d'hôte, the occasional visits of strangers arriving at unseasonable hours, and staying but a short time, are not welcome. The landlord of a certain inn at Cologne refused for several years to receive any English whatever.

The ardour for beholding the picturesque parts of the Rhine is so prevalent with most travellers, that they rush up to the more magnificent and well known spots on the river, thinking that, when they have tasted the cream of the voyage from Coblentz to Bingen, the skim-milk of less notorious places in the vicinity will be unpalatable. Our business, however, was to follow the advice and the footsteps of the intelligent friend who had kindly traced out for us what he had ascertained, on experience, to be the best mode of seeing Germany to advantage. Obeying his guidance, therefore, we proceeded from Dusseldorf to Elberfeld, situated

among the mountains of Berg. Elberfeld, while it possesses the character of being pre-eminent for pure air, cleanliness, and picturesque scenery, is at the same time, perhaps, the most manufacturing place in Germany ; indeed, the whole province of Berg may be denominated one vast workshop for silk, cotton, linen, and iron. Industry has had its usual effect on the beautiful district of the Wepperthal, of which Elberfeld forms a portion ; and a small tract of land, containing two hundred years ago but a thousand souls, now numbers a population of nearly fifty thousand. From Elberfeld we drove through the village of Barmen to Schwelm, where there is a very comfortable inn, whence the establishment of the baths and the remarkable cavern, about two miles distant on the Klutter mountain, may be visited. Not having seen the latter, I cannot speak from personal knowledge how far it is worth the pains of inspection. From Schwelm we hastened back to Elberfeld, and repaired to

Cologne, passing through Solingen, whose name is familiar to every fencer. This was a long day's journey, and we did not reach our ultimate destination till eight o'clock in the evening. It is not necessary to mention Cologne more than by name, as almost every person who may have had a fortnight's leisure, and a few pounds to spare, has visited the city of the Eleven Thousand Virgins.

Instead of proceeding further up the Rhine, we now projected a tour through the mountains of the Taunus, and thence to Treves, on the Moselle, descending that river to Coblentz. We accordingly left Cologne at 11 o'clock on the 2nd of July, and reached Siegburg about two. On a mountain which overhangs the town, in a singularly beautiful situation, stands an hospital for insanes. It was occupied as a fortress in the time of Henry IV. of France, subsequently as a convent, and about six years ago the building was appropriated to its

present purpose. Thus, in the first instance, it was the scene of the violence, next of the fanaticism of mankind, and, lastly, it witnesses their bitterest change, their utmost degradation. The superintendent obligingly conducted me through the whole of the premises, and even allowed me to enter the garden allotted to the female patients, from the terrace of which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The water for the supply of the establishment is raised two hundred and twenty-five feet by a hollow wheel, about eight feet in diameter, which is turned by two asses unharnessed, which tread on the inside like a squirrel in his revolving cage. The virtue of cleanliness was attended to throughout, and the patients seemed to be considerately treated. Indeed the style in which the institution generally appeared to be conducted is highly creditable to the benevolence of the Prussian government, and deserves more than a cold and casual encomium. I conversed with one of the convalescents, a

Dutch notary, who had become ill at Sourabaya. It afforded him apparently great pleasure to discourse regarding Java and India with one who had had the means of knowing them well, and to renew recollections which had long since been lost to him. When, however, he had become animated on the subject, he suddenly paused, observed, that such excitement was prejudicial to his health, and retired to his chamber. He was at liberty to quit the institution, but distrusting the permanence of his cure, he voluntarily prolonged his stay. This resolution showed at least that his treatment had been unobjectionable.

We left Siegburg about half-past five the next day, breakfasted at Altenkirchen at eleven, and reached Limburg at half-past six. I am thus precise for the sake of the future traveller, who, if he find the road as bad as we did, will not repent of his early rising. We had now entered the beautiful territory of Nassau. The labouring men

wear a curious hat, shaped like a clerical dingle, with the hind part before. Here, as on the Rhine, they saluted us with the strong guttural ‘Tagh.’ It is pleasant, while walking, to receive this good-natured greeting. The lower classes in Germany seldom omit it; and even the peasant girl, returning from her work at the close of day, ventures to address the stranger with a ‘guten abend’ (good evening). Nor indeed is this hospitable custom confined to the lower classes: one in general receives the same civility from their superiors, which, in a manner, gives assurance that you are welcome to the land.

The country became very cheerful and undulated as we approached Limburg, which is finely situated, and ornamented by a superb old abbey, built in 909, which towers over the town, and by a most picturesque bridge across a rapid stream. We remained here a day, that we might visit the environs. About three leagues distant is

Niederselters, the spring whence the well-known Seltzer-water is drawn. It rises in a small village, affording moderate accommodation for persons resorting thither for the purpose of drinking the water fresh from the source, and unimpaired in its efficacy, which is injured by transportation. It is pleasing to view the fountain bubbling up in its exuberance, and casting forth a stream of health, and to reflect how widely the benefits of its abundance are diffused. The sale at the well appeared to be very active ; the ground was covered with flasks, which are filled and secured for about fourteen florins the hundred. From eleven to one o'clock in the morning, however, any person may gratuitously take from the fountain as much of the water as he can carry away, and the country girls may be seen tottering under a hoop loaded with eight or ten bottles of the salutary stream. The spring has been calculated to yield about twenty quarts every minute, the quality being said to be best in the hottest

summer. The net annual revenue derived from it is about 80,000 florins.

The distance from Limburg to Dietz is three German miles. Dietz is romantically situated on the Lahn, which is crossed by a bridge, erected full six hundred years ago. From the top of the hill, after passing the bridge, is a fine view of the town and of the environs, including Limburg. The pedestrian, having climbed this height, should make a circuit to the left, and either passing a small bridge at a distance, or returning to the entrance of the town, he should cross the road, and take a path which leads up to a pavilion, from which the prospect is lovely. He should then traverse the woods to the left, descending through an avenue of noble trees, when he will come suddenly on the palace of Oranienstein: following the course of the Lahn, he will find himself again at Dietz, after a delightful walk of three hours.

It now became necessary to hire a boat to take us down the Lahn to Ems. This,

however, was not so easy of accomplishment. My stock of German was confined to a few household phrases ; and our Neapolitan courier, who professed to speak 'Tudesco' fluently, conceived that to talk German, it was only necessary to stammer broken English. Nevertheless we succeeded in procuring a good boat, with two rowers, for sixteen florins, and embarking at nine o'clock, we reached Ems exactly in six hours. The passage is agreeable, though, like the Wye, especially in the earlier part, may be perceived a sameness of beauty ; that is, high land covered with fine trees without much variety of shape ; but farther on are seen two or three villages, and the little capital of Nassau, on the bank of the river, and some ruined castles, which embellish the scene : the Abbey of Arnstein especially, standing conspicuous on the side of a mountain, presents a splendid front to the gaze of the passenger.

The entrance to Ems, locked within moun-

tains crowned with trees, and overtopped by grotesquely shaped rocks, the Lahn flowing at their base, is very striking. On first coming along the bank of the town, we saw many men and boys dressed in blue frocks, with scarlet caps and scarves, and carrying small spears, with scarlet pennons attached, and mistook the group in the distance for guards or attendants at a festival. On a nearer approach, however, they proved to be donkey drivers, whose equipments, together with the trappings of their long-eared sufferers, were of a description superior to what we had seen at any other public place. The beauties of Ems justify a stay of at least two days: during that time we climbed the various heights in the neighbourhood: the ascent to Kemman especially, which occupies about an hour, compensates for the fatigue by a lovely prospect. There are several large hotels at Ems; but I would recommend travellers,

who prefer greater seclusion, and with whom a superior *cuisine* be not a paramount object, to take up their quarters at a small detached lodging-house, on the left bank of the Lahn, called the Mainz Haus, where they will find obliging treatment and a pleasant, rural situation.

Schwalbach, where we dined and slept on the day of our departure from Ems, is another of the mineral baths which abound in the territory of Nassau. In itself there is nothing remarkable, but in the immediate vicinity are the falls of the Aar and the ruins of the Castle of Adolphseck. Schlangenbad, our first stage the next day, is a charming, retired spot, embosomed in wooded mountains, whose waters are also in great request. We then came to more frequented places; *viz.* Biberich, the summer residence of the Duke of Nassau; Wisbaden, which was so full that we could procure no accommodation; Mentz, and thence to Bingen. From Bingen

there is a very pleasant walk to the old church of St. Roch, the view from which is extremely fine.

The journey across the country from Bingen to Treves is seldom undertaken. We set out at half-past five, got a sorry breakfast at Simmern, and reached Treves about ten at night ; a very long journey as to time, though the distance is only fourteen German miles and a half, but parts of the road were bad and hilly, the rain had fallen in torrents, and the route not being much frequented, we were detained unnecessarily at the post-houses.

On the wall of the Rothen Haus where we lodged is the inscription that Treves was built thirteen hundred years before Rome. ‘ Ante Romam Treveris stetit annis mille trecentis.’ Be that as it may, it is certainly indebted for its present celebrity to the monuments left there by the Romans. The Porta nigra, which forms a grand entrance into the city, is said to have afforded a seat

on its top for seven years to a certain Saint called Simeon, emulous of the fame of the original Stylites, and the beautiful structure is now anachronized by the statues of various papal worthies. The bridge over the Moselle is of Roman foundation, and among various ruins of baths, columns, &c. are pointed out the remains of a palace of Constantine. In the market place stands a pillar of granite, erected in the year nine hundred and fifty-eight, to commemorate 'the red cross which fell from heaven;' but of this fact no particulars seem now extant. The cathedral and the old church of Notre Dame are worth a visit, yet a long day assiduously employed will be a sufficient detention for the stranger, whose antiquarian appetite is not inordinate.

Having hired a boat with two rowers for twenty-one dollars to convey us down the Moselle to Coblenz, we left Treves at half-past nine on the morning of the 15th of July, and reached Berncastle about nine at night.

The whole day was excessively sultry ; and the country, though partaking of a mountainous character, and covered with vines and trees, did not compensate in prospects for the tedium of the confinement, and the heat of the weather. Berncastle is a very picturesque place ; but the interior is dirty in the extreme, and the streets very narrow. A violent storm having set in just as we arrived, we were glad, in our ignorance, to take refuge in a small, dirty, noisy inn, though not sorry to rise next morning at half-past three, and leave this abode of squalid discomfort. We breakfasted at Trarbach, at a tolerably clean inn, occupying a beautiful site ; and after encountering a violent gale of wind, which nearly upset the boat by its forcible blasts against the hood of our carriage, and drove us on shore, we safely arrived at Cochem at half-past eight in the evening.

Nothing can be conceived more romantic and striking than the position of Cochem

planted among woods, which feather down to the banks of the lovely Moselle, and backed by grand umbrageous mountains, on isolated heights of which are two castles falling to ruin, but so singularly defaced, that one might imagine the spirit of decay had studiously contrived their most picturesque dilapidation. Here we had another unfavourable specimen of Moselle inns. After a sorry meal, and indifferent lodging, we called to pay the account, the amount of which had been previously agreed on ; but double that sum was demanded, on the Dutch landlady's principle, that a bargain made over night does not hold good the following morning. Putting, however, the proper sum down upon the table, I left the house to prepare for our departure, and just as we were about to quit the shore, we observed that the maid-servant was not on board. Little suspecting what had happened, we sent the courier for her, who returned with a report that she was detained as a pledge, till the

preposterous demand of the hostess should be liquidated. I immediately sought the police, where I could find but a single gendarme, who, of course, knew only his own language; and I confess myself, that I was so overcome with anger, that I could not muster up what little stock of German I possessed distinctly to express my wishes. I brought him, however, to the inn, and having entered the room where the servant was imprisoned, one of the girls of the house relieved us from the dilemma by stating the case accurately enough, with the exception of the principal point in dispute. The gendarme for some time stood neuter, till, declaring I would pay no more, I offered to open the door, but one of the Maritorness forthwith placed herself before it, and opposed my passage. I soon dislodged her from her position, when her companion flew to her aid, and the policeman in silence assisted her to prevent my departure.

It was fruitless to resist any further the

combined forces of the Moselle, so I threw down the full reckoning demanded, declaring that I should denounce them to the superior powers at Coblenz. I was then permitted to leave the room, but on the stairs I met the reserve guard in the person of the old landlady, who pushed me back, and would not let me move till she was apprized by her allies of the capitulation.

The scene was so ridiculous, at the same time that it was so provoking, that I scarcely knew whether to laugh or rage, though the ludicrous soon prevailed, and we became very merry at my humiliating discomfiture. Owing to the detention of this fracas, we did not reach Coblenz till four, having left the hostile shores of Cochem about nine in the morning.

A more varied scenery marked the latter part of the voyage; and the approach to Coblenz, under the elegant bridge of the Moselle, the Rhine rushing by in front, and Ehrenbreitstein* in the distance still pictu-

* It has changed, too, its romantic title of the 'Broad Stone of

resque, though its beauty is now marred by military plainness and technical solidity, is truly magnificent. After an excursion to Neuwied, which might as well have been omitted, we embarked in the steam-vessel for Mentz, whence we went to Frankfort and Darmstadt.

The opera at the last mentioned city has ceased to be an object of overweening curiosity, as, since the death of the late Duke, the band of musicians has been dispersed, and most of them transferred to Frankfort, where the orchestra, though not large, is one of superior excellence. On leaving Darmstadt we were advised to breakfast at Overbeck, where we could procure conveyances for the ascent of the Melibœus and the Felsberg. It is practicable, perhaps, in a

Honor' for the every day appellation of Frederick William, or some such easily forgotten name. It has but one vulnerable point, which a professional eye soon discovers, and the whole vicinity of which is mined. An intelligent non-commissioned officer, who shewed the place, informed us that its magazines can contain provisions for 8000 men for ten years. For the complete defence of the fortress, a force of 14,000 men would be required; but when we were there, its actual garrison was only 500.

char à banc, but almost any sort of riding horses are preferable for such an expedition. While the horses are baiting on the top of the Felsberg, the traveller should not omit to walk down to the Felsmeer and Reissensau by the route of Schomberg. He should then have his carriage waiting for him at Heppenheim, where he may sleep at a tolerable inn. Those who are not good walkers may keep their Overbeck horses for a morning's excursion to the Castle of Starkenburg, which will occupy an hour, and proceed after breakfast to Mannheim. This city has little to recommend it but general cleanliness, an excellent hotel, and some good cabinet pictures in the gallery at the palace. Heidelberg should be visited, not for its great tun, but on account of the ruins of the castle, which are magnificent, and most interesting in all their details. After devoting a day to them, we spent another very pleasantly in an excursion to Neckersteinach, which is situated in a lovely country embellished by the ruins

of sundry old castles, one of which, though perched up aloft, we found accessible. The scenery of the Rhine between Heidelberg and Rastadt being destitute of interest, we left the river and resolved to make a circuit to the eastward which should embrace Munich and Stutgard : we accordingly quitted Heidelberg at half past four on the morning of the 29th of July, and following the beautiful route along the Neckar to the ferry at Obrickheim, breakfasted at Mossbach, and reached Wurtzburg at half-past ten at night. This, though too long a journey for one day, was unavoidable, as we found no good intermediate resting-place, and, moreover, lost above two hours in waiting for horses, a delay which should always be calculated upon when a push is to be made out of the beaten track ; the road is very pleasing the whole way, and the descent into Wurtzburg is magnificent, as we found when we ascended the heights by daylight.

At Wurtzburg the foreigner begins to be

satisfied that he is actually in the German states. French ceases to be spoken at the inns, the voluble praises of the beauties of the Rhine and the accommodation of the steam-boats are no longer repeated *usque ad nauseam*, nor the opinions of Schreiber kindly rendered into English for the benefit of the weary listener, who, of course, has not had access to similar sources of information. The highly varnished carriage, with its luxurious inmates, has disappeared, and the traveller is really left by the tourist in German Germany.

There is something truly agreeable, when once determined to relinquish the comforts of home, in finding oneself in a strange land, among strange persons, speaking a strange language; and this very conviction of isolatedness, and reliance upon one's own resources, imparts a charm of adventure to circumstances, though the real secret is the consciousness of independence. Small difficulties which exercise patience or ingenuity

are not unacceptable, and every obstacle surmounted gives a zest to enterprise by flattering our ability to endure, to remedy, or to overcome. I do not mean to contend that the occasional trifling embarrassments of a journey through civilized countries are to be magnified into serious trials, but that their occurrence may impart a pleasing chequer to the undertaking, by exercising good-humour, and stimulating to exertion. A stranger, however, experiences no privations at Wurtzburg : he finds there excellent accommodation, and wine in the very birth-place of its celebrity, which might shake the resolution of a Rechabite.

Within a few paces of the hotel is the cathedral dedicated to St. Cilian, a fine old building, possessing some monuments and pictures worthy of examination. Among the former may be observed a column surmounted by an urn, erected to the memory of Conrad of Ravensburg, who was assassinated on that spot by his cousin in the beginning

of the thirteenth century. A representation of the Virgin is very advantageously placed over the high altar in front of a window of stained glass, the mellowed light from which illumines the countenance in a remarkable manner. The marble pulpit struck us as curious, and I think the cathedral also contains a beautiful monument to a certain Sebastian, I do not recollect which, erected by his brother in 1575. The chateau, placed in a fine square ornamented with two lofty pillars, which serve as observatories, is an immense building: one of the rooms, inlaid with marble, is one hundred feet long, and another chamber, panelled with small mirrors adorned with rich gildings and enamel, presents a rare specimen of antiquated taste. The staircase, however, is the chief ornament; the ceiling being painted by Tiepolo, under which is a remarkable echo. The royal gardens are tastefully laid out, and, according to the kind and considerate custom prevalent throughout almost

every part of the continent, are thrown open to the public.

After driving about the environs, we crossed the bridge over the Main, and were set down at the foot of the mountain of St. Nicholas—so called from a church and hospital dedicated to that saint belonging to the Capuchins. The ascent is not laborious, and the view from the height is extremely grand. Leaving Wurtzburg at half-past four on the morning of the 1st of August, we breakfasted at Langerfeld, passing through an agreeable country, and reached Nuremberg after a journey of twelve hours.

Nuremberg, built in the beginning of the thirteenth century, is replete with interest. No town in Germany has so much the air of antiquity, or impresses a foreigner with more wonder at its singularity. The houses are lofty, many grotesquely shaped, and variously stained outside in fresco; red, blue, pink, cream-coloured, and with painted and projecting windows.

Interspersed with these remarkable habitations are several churches of a most antique structure, whose venerable forms dignify the surrounding buildings, and give a character of solemnity to the whole city which I can imagine few others so largely to possess. In the red-walled castle, flanked with four circular towers, and mounted on the highest of the twelve hills on which the city stands, are paintings of Luther and his wife, by Albert Durer, and portraits of the artist himself, who was a native of Nuremberg: likewise a homely representation, by the same master, of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. Somebody, in raptures with this performance, wrote the following couplet:—

*Angelus hos cernens miratur dixit ab horto,
Non ita formosos hos ego depuleram.*

There are also pieces by Guercino, Luke Cranach, and Snuyder, and one or two ascribed to Rubens, but almost all inferior. The well of the castle must be extremely deep, as twelve seconds elapsed

before a stone thrown into it reached the bottom.

The concert-room in the old Town-house is curiously adorned with pictures by Albert Durer, descriptive chiefly of the events of his own life. The little girl who pointed out the paintings did not fail, when she arrived at that commemorating Durer's marriage, to notice the bad qualities of his wife, who must, indeed, have been a 'wearifu' woman,' a tremendous shrew, for I was never shown her portrait without the guide accusing her of having shortened her husband's existence. 'Durer,' says a German writer, 'died of a disease which embittered the whole of his life, and which embitters that of thousands, even if they do not die of it—"an einem bösen Weibe *."'

In the church of St. Sebaldus is an ancient Gothic chapel, containing a beautiful bronze

* If we are to trust to the silence of satirists, we must believe that there is no reverse of the picture, and that women never die of bad husbands. May not this partly account for the enhanced rate of policy lately demanded on the insurance of female

tomb of the saint, wrought by the artist Missing from Durer's designs, and a curiously carved wooden crucifix. The large bronze

lives? Especially as only one woman is recorded by the same class of writers as having died of pure constancy:—

Solo murió de constante,
La que está bajo esta losa.
Acércate, caminante,
Pues no murió tal amante
De enfermedad contagiosa.

CADALSO.

'She who lies beneath this stone
Died of constancy alone.
Stranger, approach with step courageous,
For this disease is not contagious.'

The point of the epigram, however, is general, and both sexes must bear the sting. Men may, indeed, *write*^a on constancy, but how truly can women *act* it! 'During the course of her illness (speaking of a woman who died of the plague) she uniformly refused all succour from her husband, nor would suffer him to approach her: and, carrying her cares for his safety even beyond the term of her life, when she found her last hour approach, she desired him to throw her the end of a long cord, which she fastened round her body, enjoining him, with her expiring breath, not to touch her corpse, but to drag her by means of this cord to her grave.'

BERTRAND's *Plague of Marseilles*.

^a Professor Rosini, for instance, makes the miserable and neglected Geltrude thus express her passionate attachment. 'Dopo che ti conobbi lasciai tutto. Sai che da quel momento ho diviso il mio tempo in due sole parti: nelle poche ore, che stava teco, e nelle infinite, che passava ad attenderti!'

LA SIGNORA DI MONZA, Vol. ii. p. 141.

crucifix stated by Reichard to weigh 1868 lbs. is on the outside of the principal doorway.

It is impossible to enter the cathedral of St. Lawrence without being penetrated with awe and admiration. Having passed under the splendidly carved stone archway, and through one of its fine brass doors, we were struck with the dim and solemn light cast from the deeply-coloured windows on its silent aisles and lofty columns, over which floated a few tattered banners of the olden times, and we trod among tombs which had long since lost all memorials of their forgotten occupants. Here, too, we were gratified by a view of the repository for the communion plate, which is a specimen of superb carving in the Gothic style. Near this church is an elegant bronze fountain called the Jungfern Brunnen ; its principal decorations consisting of female figures (among which is Justice with a crane behind her as the emblem of watchfulness) from whose breasts the water issues. The great clock, which Reichard considered the

most remarkable object in Nuremberg, exists no longer.

The environs of Nuremberg abound in pleasant walks, in the course of one of which we entered the public cemetery : the ornaments on the tombs are not only elegant, but I may say unique, consisting of various devices and the arms of the deceased worked in bronze. The quantity of metal was much more lavishly expended on the ancient than on the modern tombs, some being covered with a surface of bronze three or four feet in extent, but the economy of later ages is marked by a plate of so many inches. Ornamental bronze-work, being one of the principal trades of the Nurembergers, accounts for the above singular decorations. Albert Durer and the poet Sandrart are buried here. On the tomb of the latter are inscribed the following lines :

*Liberos nullos sed libros plures reliquit
Cum et liberis et libris eternitas propagetur.*

On the 3d of August we left Nuremberg at half-past four in the morning, breakfasted

at Neuberg, and reached Ratisbon in the afternoon. The first post lay almost entirely through a thick wood of firs, which was chill and damp in the early morning; but a variety of hill and dale enlivened the remainder of the route, and from the heights near the city, the majestic Danube first presented itself to view, meandering, but not ‘roaring’ through the plains*.

Nobody can of course visit Ratisbon without seeing the Town house, where the diets, so familiar in the days of our education, were held; but unless the traveller can contrive to extract some moralizing reflections from the four or five old lumber rooms through which he is conducted, and meditate on the transition which has taken place among the ancient assemblies, from the diet of Ratisbon to the diet of Worms†, there is no-

* Reichard states that the original word *Donau* signifies ‘roaring through the meadow.’

† The word ‘diet’ seems always to have been fated to be played upon. It is stated on the tombstone of a certain deputy from Mentz, who is buried in the minster of Ratisbon, that he was translated from the diet of the empire, to the diet of eternity—‘a dietis im-

thing to detain him, excepting, perhaps, the tapestry which is said to have been worked in 800. He had, therefore, better raise his thoughts and ascend the tower, whence he may survey the country to great advantage. We did not, however, pass over so cursorily the old cathedral, which is a fine structure, notwithstanding its incompleteness. In the interior, a little chapel superbly carved fixes the attention of the beholder, who is attracted by the famous bas-relief of the 'Feeding of the Five Thousand,' and two pictures of Sandrart, viz., Our Saviour in the boat with his disciples, and the delivery of the keys to St. Peter.

One can scarcely enter a large town in this part of Germany, without being gratified by the sight of some noble edifice erected to the service of religion, and, indeed, a comparatively small space comprises a cluster of
perii ad eternitatis diætam translatus 1784. It would scarcely be supposed, that there is a second inscription of a similar character in the same sacred place. '*Hier ruhet Frau Sieglin versiegelt unter diesem steine,*' which being interpreted, means 'Here rests Mrs. Seal, well sealed under this stone.'

cathedrals. This distinguishing feature assures to a stranger at least one object of interest, whatever deficiency he may, in other respects, discover : but, while the remains of knightly prowess survive ; while so many cities bring to recollection the devoted intrepidity of Luther ; while numerous fortresses and plains attest the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus, and of Wallenstein ; and he can hardly pass over a spot in its provinces not rendered famous by early or recent warfare, or ennobled by some striking event,—the traveller in Germany will be at no loss for constant and vivid excitement.

Above and below the bridge across the Danube at Ratisbon, lie the two islands called the upper and lower Wöhrd, which afford charming walks, as do the garden of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, and the promenades round the town, where may be seen monuments to Kepler, Baron Zoller, and others.

Landshut is about seven hours drive from Ratisbon, the greater part of it uninteresting

as far as the entrance of the former town, the immediate vicinity of which is highly pleasing. There are several bridges over the Iser, but just below the town is a fine fall of the river, across which is erected a light bridge for foot passengers, of five arches : through these the Iser rushes with excessive velocity over a platform of wood, which conducts the water, smooth as a sheet of glass, down the declivity till it reaches the bottom, where it boils and sparkles in a current resembling liquid silver.

After dinner we took a walk, which I shall describe for the benefit of those following me, who may love pedestrian excursions. Passing up the main street, we ascended a path which led to some high ground commanding a fine prospect of the town, and then making a little detour and descending, we crossed to another eminence up to which there is a convenient passage by steps. At the top is a small table-land occupied by a wine-house, with benches for the accommodation of visi-

ters. A little lower down, from a hut loaded with moss, may be viewed the lofty Gothic steeple of St. Martin's, towering over the picturesque houses of the town, numerous spires in the distance, the old castle on the opposite height, and the winding and impetuous Iser interrupted by frequent bridges, which rolls its lucid stream through the green plains; all these contributed objects calculated to delight and elevate the feelings.

Landshut not having, to my knowledge, been described by any recent traveller, I must not omit to recommend it, as well worthy of a deliberate visit. It is very accessible, lying not above five hours journey from Munich, one of the chief halting-places on the grand tour.

This notoriety relieves me from the necessity of noticing that capital particularly, and I even leave its splendid gallery to make its own impression. Nor have I aught to expatiate on in the Royal Chateau, magnificent as it undoubtedly is. I would, however, ob-

serve, that persons might more pleasantly appropriate the time usually allotted to examining what is called the ‘ Rich Chapel ’ in the palace, by a walk in Count Rumford’s English garden ; my opinions, however, on such subjects should be taken *cum grano salis*. To me it is a task to traverse the interior of palaces ; to feign wonder at costly porcelain and gilded furniture ; and to hear from a wearisome conductor, an enumeration and description of each chamber occupied by a Count Nicholas or Prince Maximilian. I care not where the Queen Mother sickened, or the Duchess Dowager died : great, therefore, was my relief, if the porter announced that the family was unfortunately at home, and the apartments consequently could not be inspected. The gardener then assumed his rights, and allowed me to range through his fragrant jurisdiction ; admiring the flowers and plants ; wandering among the ancient trees of the park ; following the course of the river which embellishes it, or searching after

an opening whence to view the distant, snowy mountain. Old castles and towers, arches, bridges, columns, aqueducts, (such as that at Caserta near Naples,)—these are out-door works of art, to which I would gladly turn from the drudgery I have alluded to above.

From Munich to Augsburg is an easy day's journey; but the road is, generally speaking, dull. We found the city in the full excitement of a grand holiday, as we had arrived on the anniversary of the memorable Confession. We were, however, lucky enough to obtain accommodation at one of the best inns on the continent: the furniture being of a superior description, the proprietor had posted up *affiches* soliciting his customers to treat it tenderly. Notwithstanding, however, the improvements as to decoration, the beds, like all those in Germany, retain their parsimonious dimensions; and unless he follow the example mentioned by Clarke of sleeping in his boots, even the middle-sized traveller must seek extension in an oblique posture,

setting at nought, under any circumstances, the dictum of Mr. Shandy—‘ My brother Toby, quoth she, is going to be married to Mrs. Wadman.’—‘ Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again, as long as he lives.’

This hotel is situated in the centre of a splendid street called Maximilian street, which is adorned with three beautiful fountains. The outsides of the houses are curiously painted in distemper, to imitate marble, and some have large pictures in front ; an unappropriate ornament any where for outside walls, which should combine ideas of strength and durability ; but strikingly so in Germany where the climate is equally severe with our own ; even in Italy, the practice is decreasing, and in Genoa especially, where it was most prevalent, the city is losing its picturesque peculiarity of appearance in modern uniformity. Outside the arsenal are drawn up many curious cannon, several as old as 1524, the singularly peaceable demeanour of the

people seeming to render this warlike array quite unnecessary.

Here, and in other parts of Bavaria, the women wear a coif of gold or silver tissue. This somewhat expensive ornament, joined to the substantial quality of the apparel of the lower classes, generally bespeaks, as I have already remarked of the Dutch peasantry, a degree of comfort and abundance, which, it is painful to acknowledge, is not observable among people of the same grade in England.

The Cathedral, the Jesuits College, St. Ulrich's Abbey, and the Town-house are fine buildings; the first and second stories of the latter contain elegant rooms; and in the Golden Chamber, as it is called, are some excellent pictures.

The streets of Ulm are dark and narrow, but the city looks well when seen from the opposite side of the Danube, where there are pleasant walks, as also on the left bank. We crossed by a shabby wooden bridge, but a

stone one was constructing more in unison with the magnificence of the river than with the decayed appearance of the town. The minster, in my ignorance, I thought a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, but the German traveller before quoted calls it a 'Plumpe Steinmasse.' The execution of the grand entrance and the ceiling claims a far more favourable notice, though the structure of the interior may be characterized as rather substantial than elegant. The windows are superbly painted.

Wirtemberg is entered about one post from Ulm, and five and a half posts are reckoned from Ulm to Stutgard, the greater part of the road pleasing, especially the valley after leaving Singhausen. The royal palace is handsome, both outside and in, with a splendid gilt crown of enormous dimensions over the pediment, to make up in the size of the ornament for the recency of its tenure. The fine gardens attached are, as usual, open to the public. The king possesses a few good pictures, and

a statue by Danneker of Bacchus or Cupid. Stutgard, however, offers so little of interest, that we regretted having given a day to it, and soon departed for Carlsruhe, whose entrance is marked by a row of poplars of immense magnitude. This compact little toy of a city also kept us a day rather reluctantly, as we were looking with anxiety towards the beauties of the Black Forest. We passed through Rastadt to Baden, whose attractions detained us longer than we had proposed. This charming place has scarcely an equal in Germany with regard to situation. The ascent to the old castle of Eberstein, about a league from the town, whence there is a fine view, is gradual and easy even for a pedestrian. We went there twice, and varied our return the second time by descending directly from the ruin and making our way through the thick wood which separates it from the town.

Leaving Baden at eight, on the 19th of August, after ascending the whole way, we,

in two hours, reached Gernsbach, romantically situated on the silver Murg. We then took horses to convey us to the Abbey of Frauenalb. The road is exquisitely beautiful, leading through a deep and fruitful valley, and at the extremity, in a spot which the genius of seclusion himself would have chosen for his residence, stand the ruins of the abbey. It appears to have been a structure of modern erection, and very lately demolished, I think our guide told us, by the Russians after having used it as an hospital. The next day, rising early, we breakfasted at Forbach, and leaving the lofty castle of Eberstein and the old romantic chapel of the Klingeln on the right, we halted a few hours at Freudenstadt, and reached Ripoldsau the same evening. The road is altogether charming. It passes through lovely valleys, watered by a clear stream, now swollen into a torrent by the rain of the previous night, and carrying upon its foaming waves huge masses of timber, which, committed to them by the peasants in

the higher districts, tumbled and dashed among the opposing rocks, till the force of the stream extricated them from obstruction, and restored them to the velocity of their eddying course. These wandering logs being collected at Gernsbach, are dispatched by the inhabitants, who traffic in them annually to the amount of 400,000 florins, to Oppenheim, where they are formed into large rafts and floated down the Rhine.

Ripoldsau is a delightful, sequestered watering place, embosomed in wood-clad mountains. The baths are in the occupation of one individual, who has a magnificent hotel and establishment in a situation where one would only expect to find a few goatherds. The environs are laid out in agreeable walks, and paths cut out in the sides of the mountains, which render them accessible even to an invalid. The season for drinking the water having nearly terminated, only a few guests lingered at Ripoldsau, and, tempted by the consequent repose, we were allured to

remain two days in its tranquil precincts ; but, like Rasselas, we soon found this happy valley too confined for our desires, and, therefore, departed for the sister watering-place of Griesbach, where there is a somewhat similar establishment. We had intended to remain all night, but finding the arrangements on an inferior scale, we proceeded on to Oppenau. The inn there was still worse, which induced us to push forward for Oberkirch, where we found good accommodation in a pretty, quiet town. The scenery continued beautiful, and after leaving Griesbach, in one of the most romantic passes of the forest, we met groups of peasants dressed in their gay costume. They seemed as cheerful and happy as content could make them, and saluted us in a respectful and welcoming manner. The costumes of this part of Germany are quite as picturesque as those in Switzerland, but, in both countries, they are rendered less attractive by the clumsy figures of the women, and excite little admiration

in eyes accustomed to behold the lovely and delicate females of Tuscany.

It was our intention to have made an excursion from Oppenau to Autogast, and then to proceed over the mountains by the ruins of the abbey of Allerheiligen to Lautenbach, leaving our carriage waiting there to convey us on to Oberkirch, but not being able to procure any thing in the shape of a side-saddle, this expedition was relinquished, though with reluctance, it having been recommended to us as a very agreeable excursion. I therefore mention it for the benefit of others.

On quitting Oberkirch, we breakfasted at Kehl, and, leaving our own carriage with the principal baggage, we hired a caleche to take us to Strasburg, avoiding by that means all the trouble from the frontier custom-houses. From Strasburg to Ickerheim, where we slept the next night, is one day's journey, through a dull road almost pestiferous from the quantity of flax which is allowed to soak and rot in the swamps; and a few hours next

morning brought us to the city of Freiburg, which is pleasantly situated just on the borders of the Black Forest. The cathedral, complete in its construction (a rare occurrence), possessing a lofty spire, about five hundred feet high, and beautifully painted windows, may compete with its neighbour of Strasburg in elegance and grandeur, and only yield to her among the cathedrals of Germany, though, strictly speaking, Strasburg should now be excluded from that enumeration. We found one day ample for Freiburg; and the next, after breakfasting at Neuberg, where we unexpectedly met with a clean inn, the one at Steig, about a mile beyond the preceding post-house, having suffered from fire, we reached Schaffhausen. The road passes through the valley called somewhat unappropriately Hölenthal, or Valley of Hell. In allusion to this infernal name, Marshal Villars, when urged in 1708 by the Elector of Bavaria to march his army through the pass, replied that he was not devil enough to do so. What Villars,

however, declined to attempt, Moreau, as is well known, a century after triumphantly effected.

It was impossible to be at Schaffhausen without going again to Laufen, in order to see the glorious falls of the Rhine.

The season, which had been unusually wet, and was the source of constant disappointment in views and prospects, here stood our friend, for the magnificence of the falls was in consequence greatly augmented. The guide who accompanied us pointed out the spot where his son, a boy of eight years old, fell into the river and soon disappeared in the furious flood ; hastening to the lower part he saw the body for one moment floating among the foam, but it then sunk, and was never recovered. ‘ Diònos Dios una vida sola, y ‘ tantas muertes ! De una manera se nace, ‘ y de tantas se muere *!’

There are numerous agreeable walks and drives in the vicinity of Schaffhausen. The

* Quevedo.

excursion to Laufen itself is beautiful, the great object of it being put out of consideration. Having before visited the town of Constance, we resolved to make a circuit of the northern side of the lake, and accordingly quitted Schaffhausen for Ueberlingen, where we arrived in six hours and a half. The road is pleasing throughout, especially as on the left-hand, near Lingen, are two fortresses called Hohentwiel and Hohen Staufen, which, placed on detached eminences, break the uniformity of the surrounding plain.

The inn, though its lower story was washed by the transparent waters of the lake, and commanded a lovely view from the upper apartments, was foul within, and the proprietors unaccustomed, to visitors like ourselves, were embarrassed how to provide suitably for our accommodation. It was our practice to halt on Sundays wherever we could do so with tolerable comfort, and our plans were arranged, as much as possible, with reference to this object ; but our domi-

cile here seemed to form a necessary exception to the rule : so we left Ueberlingen the next day, and following the road which runs almost the whole way on the borders of the lake, we reached the island fortress of Lindau about half-past four in the evening.

Lindau is singularly situated on the Lake of Constance, communicating with the main land by a bridge thrown over the shallow water which separates it to the eastward. This curious old place possesses a good, though antiquated, inn, in the long gallery of which is suspended a large bomb, with an inscription indicating that when the city was besieged by the Swedish General Wrangel in 1647, it fell into the cellar of the hotel without exploding. Our purpose was next to traverse the eastern frontier of Switzerland, and to visit more especially the pastoral cantons of St. Gallen and Appenzel. From Lindau to Alstetten, a small frontier town of Switzerland, situated on the high road to Italy, is but a few hours journey, in the course of which we passed through the Aus-

trian town of Brigentz, where our passports were examined, and crossed the Rhine by a wretched, crowded ferry-boat, whose gunwale all but touched the water, into which a movement of our horses would have precipitated us. No sooner was the river passed than the manners of the common people seemed to change. The roughness and neglect of the Swiss peasantry form a very unpleasing contrast to the civil, cheerful, and cordial manners of the lower classes in Germany. At Alstetten we hired a pair of horses and a light caleche to convey us to Appenzel, Herisau, and St. Gallen, and back to Alstetten, which we left at a quarter past six on the 1st of September, and pursuing a road through a mountainous country dotted with innumerable chalets, arrived about nine at Appenzel, where we breakfasted. This, however, was a mistake: we should have left Appenzel, which has nothing remarkable in it, on the right, and have proceeded a little further to Weisbaden, where there is an excellent bath establishment, situated in a beautiful and

retired spot. I have seen few places in the course of my travels where a person fond of exploring, and desirous of tranquillity combined with accommodation on a superior scale, to be procured without trouble or effort on his part, could spend a few days in greater enjoyment. Unfortunately, we had engaged to return to our ale-house at the capital of the canton, after which we drove to Herisau, which we reached at seven in the evening.

People travel on the continent without thinking of accidents, the horses being generally quiet, and driven by the most careful postilions in the world ; but on the broken, hilly, and picturesque road we were now traversing, and in the space of a league, we saw a breach in the railing where a waggon had tumbled down the mountain, and also a bridge, over which a carriage had been precipitated, in consequence of the breaking of the drag. Herisau is a very singular place from its extraordinary irregularity of construction, and is quite unlike any other town

in Switzerland. There are beautiful walks on the surrounding heights, including two ruined castles, whence the prospect is extensive and striking. St. Gallen contains an abbey of some celebrity ; but its associations are no longer interesting, nor is the building itself, in its present state, attractive to the traveller ; indeed, were it not for the noble bridge of Kreutzenbrock, one might pass through the city from Herisau without halting. Our plan was to return to Alstetten by Trogen, on which road there is said to be a singularly fine view ; but the state of the weather frustrated this scheme, and we of necessity took the route of Roshach and Rheineck.

Being too early to enter Italy, we resolved to fill up the interval by visiting those parts of Switzerland which we had not yet seen, and penetrate by the new road to St. Gothard.

On this expedition, as before, we could not take both our servants, and we again

gave the female attendant the option of remaining behind *en pension* at Alstetten. Her selection was soon made in favour of quiet for a fortnight, and though not the most agreeable of the two alternatives to ourselves, we allowed her the choice, as her health seemed to have suffered from over exertion, and we departed.

The first day we breakfasted at Gais, which looks like the print of a town in a child's story book, and we went again to Herisau, by the beautiful and mountainous route of Walstadt. The air of Gais being considered remarkably pure and salubrious, numerous invalids resort to it in the summer in order to drink *petit lait*, or, in plain English, skimmed milk, and take up their residence at the large inn, where, as in many other parts of Switzerland and Germany, an establishment on an extensive and superior scale is maintained. A stranger, however, I am told, will do well to ascertain previously the terms on which he is to be accommodated.

Leaving Herisau, we breakfasted at Linchensteg, and reached Wesen at half-past four. The road thither is beautiful, and the village is admirably situated at the foot of the lake of Wallenstadt. Having heard a bad character of the inn, owing to the insolent and extortionate conduct of the landlord, we had prepared ourselves for very indifferent treatment. We were agreeably surprised, therefore, to find every thing unexceptionable, and on questioning the waiter, we learned that the old proprietor, perceiving his trade to be declining, resolved to adopt spirited measures of reform. He accordingly feigned himself dead, and placed his son in the ostensible management of the concern on more liberal principles. The mention of this fictitious death leads me to the churchyard, which is at a short distance from the inn, and the road to it is romantic in the extreme.

We left Wesen early next morning, and breakfasted at Glarus with the view of

penetrating to the Linthal, and the famous Pantenbruck. Having reached the small inn at Linthal, the weather became so rainy that we found ourselves detained till one o'clock ; a gleam of sunshine then breaking out encouraged us to mount our horses ; but the favourable appearance lasted only a quarter of an hour, when the rain again poured down in torrents, and continued with little intermission the whole day. The stream of the Linth, whose right bank we had to follow, soon became swollen to a furious torrent, and on reaching the place where it is usually crossed, we found that the flood had risen above the rocks, which generally served as the communication with the opposite side.

Some peasants who were in the neighbourhood offered to cast planks across these rocks in the stream, over which we might pass holding by a pole ; this was no enviable experiment even for a man, for the planks were slippery and tottered, and the torrent

boiled immediately under our feet with indescribable fury ; but my fellow traveller gallantly determined that the danger should not deprive her of the sight of the Pantenbruck, and we crossed as if we were walking on the billows of the sea. The difficulties, however, were not yet finished ; an ascent of an hour along the side of a mountain still remained to be performed ; and the waters having here also carried away the planks which connected one crag with another, the passage seemed quite impracticable to Mrs. —, who remained under a tree while I proceeded alone.

The Pantenbruck is a single arch of stone, about seventy feet in length, thrown over a precipice of full three hundred feet in depth, at the bottom of which a stream, there called the Sandback, forces its way under a bed of rock till it gains a wider channel, and takes the name of the Linth. This bridge serves as a communication for the peasantry and cattle with the Upper Alps, and occupies a

site of most striking sublimity. Its airy span is protected by a parapet, which is just sufficient to afford security to the passenger, but can scarcely guard him from the giddiness, which he finds it almost impossible to avert.

My report of the bridge revived my companion's spirit of exertion ; and a band of woodcutters returning from their work, being at hand to assist her over the chasms, she finally, through rain and storm, through bramble and brier, slipping and tumbling, at the risk sometimes of her limbs, achieved the enterprise. In fine weather the bridge may be reached without danger, though not without laborious effort, by a lady. I shall not admit, however, that the above account of the perils of the undertaking is exaggerated, if it be performed under similar discouraging and difficult circumstances. The inn at Linthal not possessing very inviting accommodation for sleeping, we returned at night to Glarus, guided on our dark road by the

roaring of the torrent whose course we accompanied, and into which, in many places, a slight deviation of the coachman would have precipitated us.

From Glarus we proceeded to Lachen, a little town beautifully situated on the lake of Zurich; then crossing the Elzel mountain, where we left our carriage, and climbed about half an hour to see the celebrated view afforded from its summit, we visited the Abbey of Einsiedlen, the Loretto of Switzerland, and went to Brunnen with the intention of crossing the lake, and returning to Alstetten by St. Gothard; but learning that the new road was not completed, we had to retrace our steps, and resolved to employ the remainder of the time in seeing the north-west parts of Switzerland. So passing by Goldau, which looked nearly as desolate as Simond describes it after the catastrophe in 1806, we stopped at Lucern and Morgenthal. The high road to the latter place being about to be changed,

and all this part of Switzerland being nearly as well known as any county near London, I shall not wait to particularize further than to mention, that near the inn at Morgenthal is one of the most lovely walks Switzerland can boast; a cross road, just outside the inn, leads up an acclivity clothed with beautiful woods; from a path diverging to the right is soon discovered the rustic abode of the clergyman, and near it an ancient church standing on an eminence overlooking the Aar, whose rippling waters, gliding rapidly by, cause the only interruption to the deep silence which prevails in this peaceful vale. Having reached Geneva by the usual track, we set out for Nyon early in the morning, and after breakfasting there, crossed and descended the Jura mountain. The weather, however, being stormy, the prospect afforded from an elevation of 3200 feet over such a neighbourhood as Geneva was denied us, and we were compelled, from the fatigue of our horses, to remain the night at the wretchedly dirty inn at

Rassu. Quitting it before sunrise, we passed by the Lac de Joux on to Orb, which is worth a visit, were it only on account of its bridge, then nearly completed. It consists of a single arch, of one hundred feet in height, and one hundred and twenty in diameter, erected over the river Orb, which runs in a deep channel beneath.

We arrived at Neuchatel late in the evening. The neighbouring heights present some fine views, and though it was our second visit, we spent a day in gaining the site of the best of them ; but a deep mist mocked our labour, and sent us down maledicting the climate of Switzerland*. Twenty thousand bottles of false champagne are annually made here : the effervescence is produced by the commixture of powdered marble.

* Travellers must wish that the rulers of Switzerland possessed the power over the weather arrogated to themselves by the ancient kings of Mexico.—‘ Le Roi de Mexique promettoit, par un serment ‘ solennel, lorsqu’il étoit couronné, que le soleil seroit toujours clair ‘ et serein, que les nuées ne repandroient leurs pluies qu’à propos, ‘ et que la terre produiroit ses fruits en abondance.’—*Traité de l’Opinion* par Le Gendre. T. iii. p. 71, 314.

Leaving Neuchatel about seven on the morning of the 22d of September, we reached Chaux-de-fonds at half-past eleven, and, after baiting, proceeded on to Locle. The temperature of the air of these mountain-towns was sensibly colder; but the houses are neat and comfortable, and contain inhabitants whose ingenuity and industry supply both Europe and America with watches and mathematical instruments, which are soon made to bear some celebrated name. The lace fabricated by the females finds a ready sale at Neuchatel. We took a *char à banc* to the banks of the lake of Brennets, where we embarked in a boat rowed by an old woman and a boy, to see the falls of the Doubs. The passage occupied three quarters of an hour. Some most stupendous rocks rise perpendicular from the water, whose course does not become rapid until almost in the immediate vicinity of the fall. The landing-place is to the left out of the current, and a walk of a few minutes leads within sight of the cataract,

which is precipitated about eighty feet. It is not this alone, however, which strikes the attention, but the scenery which embellishes the environs, and which derives an additional charm from its rugged wildness and seclusion. Having expressed our admiration at the vigour with which our aged conductress plied the oar, she allowed she possessed a hale constitution; and as a proof of it, she assured us, that in eleven accouchemens, she had only been confined to her bed fifteen days.

At Chaux-de-fonds there is a very comfortable inn, and so there is at Tavannes, where we dined the next day; but we erred greatly in leaving it, and sleeping at Mothur or Münster, which is a very inferior place. We wished, however, to have plenty of time before us to visit Weissenstein, to which we had to penetrate through a bad and cross road (the ordinary and best ascent being from Soleure).

We took a *cheval de renfort* from Münster,

which we left about six in the morning, and arrived a little before nine at Verbrunnen or St. Joseph, from which we were to have struck up the mountain to Weissenstein, but our old enemy the rain interfering, we relinquished that plan, and breakfasting at a cabaret at Welschen Thor, we passed Olten, whence there is a good view of the fortress of Arburg, and reached Arau at half-past five in the evening. The whole road is very fine, especially the pass of Klew, where three old castles rise near to each other, encitadelled on singular and lofty rocks, then covered with foliage of every variety of autumnal colouring. Near Arau are the baths of Schintznach, which belong to a single family: the establishment is immense, comprising one hundred and forty chambers; and sometimes two hundred and twenty persons sit down to table at the same time in the great saloon. Agreeable walks and drives abound in the neighbourhood, with a changeful scenery of mountains and plains. Baden

is at a short distance ; but though the situation of the town be beautiful, yet there is an appearance of closeness combined with indications of remedial observances about the bath-houses which is far from attractive.

From Baden we returned by Zurich and Herisan to Alstetten, having been detained several days by rain, to take the route to Italy. As we approached Alstetten we were alarmed by the intelligence that our maid-servant had been very ill, and on our arrival we found that it had become necessary, in consequence of mental derangement, to place her under restraint. While at Frankfort she had exhibited such strong symptoms of discontent, and insubordination, that we began to fear her mind was unsound. We accordingly requested an English physician, then at Frankfort, and who had had insane patients under his care in England, to examine her, in order that we might send her home while we had the facilities of steam conveyance within reach. Unfortunately, Doctor ———

ridiculed our apprehensions, said she was only idle and ill-tempered, and recommended us, as the best remedy, to relinquish over-indulgence and to enforce exertion. This we found it impossible to effect either by consideration or remonstrance ; and it was only in consequence of her repugnance to work that we offered her to remain at Alstetten, hoping that the change and a few days' rest would restore her to her former respectful conduct ; for though we left her apparently delighted with the prospect of self-indulgence and freedom from control, an aberration of mind had supervened almost immediately after our departure, and coercive measures became indispensable. We were thus involved in circumstances of the most painful difficulty, and had to determine promptly how to convey a person just recovering from a violent paroxysm of insanity to a place of security. Though become comparatively docile, her mind was subject to the most strange and alarming illusions, and we could not calculate

how any object would affect her. We discovered, however, that she was anxious to quit Alstetten, and especially the two medical gentlemen who had attended her, against whom, like most persons similarly afflicted, she had formed a strong, but unjust antipathy. Willing to take advantage of this circumstance, it fortunately occurred to us that we might obtain advice from an English physician, of our acquaintance, who was to be at Milan on a certain day, and that it was just possible to join him there. We resolved, then, to push for that city, and leaving Alstetten an hour before the fixed time, we departed without publicity. It was also an object to prevent a knowledge of the true state of the patient transpiring at the several inns on the road, lest we should be refused admittance, or, at least, be annoyed by curiosity; but by bribing the Alstetten post-boy we cut off all means of communication.

Having resigned my seat in the carriage to the invalid, Mrs. ——— was enabled to

tranquillize her by constant soothing, and two nights were passed at Ragatz and Coire without accident. The scenery of the road, however, now assumed a more striking, and, in her view, a more terrific character, and on our arrival at the Splugen inn considerable excitement had taken place. The lonely and romantic situation of this inn is well calculated to produce such an effect. It is large and built of stone, and its unfurnished rooms and long galleries wore a most desolate appearance. After being disturbed by frightful dreams, she started out of bed about one o'clock in the morning, complaining of the visions by which she had been haunted, and wildly demanding to be taken from a place where every body was combined to persecute her. For a time we succeeded in calming her agitation : but fearing our united efforts might prove insufficient to overcome her resistance, I told her I would go and prepare for our departure, though, in truth, I went to seek the man-servant, that he

might be at hand in case of extremity. It was long before I could discover his room through the Otranto-like corridors, and all this time I had to leave Mrs. ——— alone with a maniac. In the end, however, we did not require the man's interposition, though we had to pass four hours of intense anxiety till the carriage could be prepared.

Nature has not formed a track of country of a more grand and sublime character than the district between Coire and the end of the Valley of Misocco. Immense perpendicular cliffs, three thousand feet high, on one side of the narrow valley, on the other, lofty mountains frowning over granite rocks at the bottom, and crossed occasionally by most picturesque and perilous-looking bridges, are objects sufficient to strike any person who beholds them for the first time with astonishment and awe ; but as we descended the valley, obstacles to our progress were now and then offered by trunks of trees torn up by the wind, masses of rock which the late vio-

lent rains had loosened from the summit of the mountains, and, from time to time, fragments rolled down the precipices, leaping into the abysses below. The cascades, always beautiful, had now each become a cataract, and the sun glittering on these vast sheets of water and lighting up the valley, which seemed just recovering from this dreadful convulsion, gave to the whole scenery an almost preternatural brilliancy. It was not surprising, therefore, that these wonders should deeply affect the shattered mind of our patient. Her eyes, before fixed in the dreadful glare of vacancy, now glistened with animation as she exclaimed that we had left the world in which we had hitherto lived, and were removed to a more glorious one inhabited by spirits. But I need not further particularize on this painful subject, which, selfishly speaking, was one of deep distress to us, with whom the young woman had lived from her childhood. It was curious, nevertheless, to note how the change in the features of the

country operated on her intellect. In the wild passes of the Splugen her feelings were those of terror, in the splendid valley of Misocco her perception partook of the most vivid enthusiasm, and, as we descended among the gentler beauties of the lake of Lugano, and entered upon a more even line of country, both these sensations subsided into comparative calm, which was never again interrupted by alarming aberrations.

We arrived at Milan on the 4th, when we immediately sought out the medical friend above referred to. After consulting with this gentleman and an Italian physician, we determined to hasten to Genoa, and procure a conveyance for the invalid by sea to England. No English ship, however, was to sail for some months, and it seemed necessary to place her during the interval in a suitable asylum. Though not disposed to yield to this necessity, I visited the public establishment for insanes in the city. The inspection, however, did not last many

minutes. I was shown one long room filled with the beds of females, the sick, the suffering, and the dying, huddled together without any apparent classification. This chamber opened upon a passage, through which every body passed ; and close to the door was an unfortunate creature in the last extremity, whose exposed situation and sufferings were viewed with indifference by the by-standers, for privacy had lost its sacredness, and sympathy had deserted this abode of misery. May I be excused for protracting this long account of a domestic event, by adding, that we ultimately succeeded in establishing our patient in the house of a respectable English-woman, under the surveillance of the vice-consul, where she remained, until much improved in health, she embarked for England in a British vessel.

Resuming the plans which had been thus painfully interrupted, we returned to Milan, visiting the superb church of Certosa, near Pavia, on our way.

On the 19th of October, we left Milan for Como, embarking the next day at eight o'clock on the steamer, for the purpose of seeing the lake. We found on board, the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, and his Secretary, with many other passengers. One individual had evinced so uninviting a demeanor in the conversation which took place, that at first we avoided him; but shortly after he addressed us in French, laid aside his asperity of manner, and engaged our attention by the spirit and intelligence of his observations. He was a Lombard, and had visited England, of which he spoke in terms of high panegyric. He observed, that English ladies were the only women that accompanied their husbands in travelling, and two or three of them whom he had seen possessed more information than all the female inhabitants of Milan combined, who passed their mornings, he said, in discussing fashions, and their evenings in incessant frivolity. This gentleman, having contracted an ardent love for liberty, was

naturally indignant at the oppression to which his country was subjected. His disgust was deeply aggravated on his return from England, at his apartments being visited by the police, who took away his papers, which were never restored.

No inhabitant is allowed to leave Milan for the purpose of travelling, without the permission of the Austrian authorities, which is with difficulty obtained, and when granted, is limited to a year ; confiscation of property, and other penalties attending an excession of the authorized period. In addition to the vexatious inquisition exercised into domestic meetings and private society, a censorship of the most rigorous nature emasculates every literary publication. ‘ Look,’ exclaimed our new acquaintance, with just and trembling indignation, drawing forth a card with his name and address inscribed, ‘ even this, before it can be issued, must be submitted to the censorship.’

In conformity to our fellow traveller’s

advice, we did not go to the end of the lake, the principal beauties of it, according to his opinion, terminating at Bellagio ; and leaving the steamer at Somariva, which we reached about half-past ten, we crossed the lake in a small boat to the Palazzo Serbelloni, at Bellagio, where there are some beautiful views of the two lakes Como and Lecco. After visiting the Palazzo Melzi, a little farther down the lake, we came back to Somariva. In this palace are preserved the famous *bassi-relievi* of Thorwaldsen, executed for Napoleon, for which the present proprietor gave a million of francs.

The returning steamer passed down at half-past two, and afforded us a passage back to Como. The next morning we breakfasted at Lecco, the road to which is beautiful throughout, and reached Bergamo in time to mount the heights, and enjoy the superb view from the upper town. The manners of the people in this vicinity are very different from those which prevail in Piedmont, and

about Milan. Unlike the lower classes in those quarters, the peasants of this part of Italy are civil and courteous, and very good-looking into the bargain.

Brescia, where we arrived the next day, contains, in addition to its interesting excavations, a large and elegant theatre. The waywardness of an Englishman* was the subject of one of the farces represented the night we visited it. The contrast between his phlegmatic manner and the lively energies of the Italians was well hit off; and unlike the disgusting French farce, '*Les Anglaises pour rire*,' all rude caricature was avoided, and the spirit of the piece made to

* Italian, like French authors, are reckless of accurate expression or quotation, when an English phrase is in the case.—Nota, in his *Atrabiliare*, the scene of which is laid in England, makes all the gentlemen characters '*Sirs*,' some with only surnames, some with only Christian names subjoined; and in *L'Ospite Francese*, one of our post-boys is made to talk the following English, '*Gut nait, Ser*.' The ignorance, or affectation of the French on this point has often been exposed. I will only add one exemplification from the great D'Alembert, who thus quotes Milton:—

'Pondering dangers with deepings thoughts.'

HISTOIRE DE L'ACADEMIE, vol. iii. p. 57.

depend upon the eccentric generosity of the Englishman, by which every body benefited.

We reached Desenzano in time to hail the Venusta Sermio, and explore that most lovely of peninsulas, but we were compelled by unfavourable weather to limit our survey of the noble Lago di Garda to the views afforded from the ruins of Catullus's Villa, and the verandah of our hotel, under which the blue waves, agitated by the gale, beat furiously,—an agitation which, if we believe the concurrent testimony of travellers, seems to have continued with little intermission since the time of Virgil. It was our intention, if the weather had been fine, to send our carriage on to Verona, and, after visiting the Sermian promontory to proceed by water to Salo : the next day to follow the road as far as Garignano, where the communication by land ceases, and then to embark again in order to see the upper part of the lake, whose scenery is on a very grand scale, landing at Riva, and thence proceeding in a hired car-

riage to Roveredo, from which last place another conveyance might be procured for Verona. But those who do not approve of this deliberate mode may avail themselves of the steam-boat, which may be found, I believe, twice a-week at Desenzano or Salo.

The above plan being frustrated, we repaired by the route of Verona, Vicenza*, Padua, and Fusina, direct to Venice, the sight of which would indemnify a stranger for toiling through the deserts of Lybia; but as it is, the traveller, in ordinary circumstances, may trace one course of enjoyment and delight from the gates of Como to the turrets of the Sea Cybele. It would be trifling to dwell on the intense pleasure with which one examines Venice for the first time, and unpardonable to yield to its impressions by repeating descriptions of what has been described to satiety. I may be allowed,

* A pleasant walk may be taken to the church of the Madonna del Monte under an arcade full a mile long, returning by the old road, from the top of which is a fine view of Vicenza.

however, to state my conviction that the imagination, full as it usually is of the memorable and awful scenes which have been acted at Venice, and meditating upon its grandeur, its revolutions and its downfall, its mysterious institutions, and splendid tyranny, its past glory and its present degradation, is never sensible of disappointment on the actual scene of these wonderful vicissitudes, for every locality presents the full measure of interest which the mind has been accustomed to anticipate.

On the island of Lido we passed the sands which afforded to Lord Byron his daily rides. Here are many tombs of Jews, near which the Protestants used to be buried, till within these forty years ; but now, in times of less bigotry, they may be interred in the Catholic cemeteries. At the monastery of St. Lazaro we were shown the desk where the great poet studied Armenian, and translated some of the examples of an Armenian grammar compiled at the convent.

The church of the Franciscans at Venice is interesting from possessing the body of Titian, and a grand cenotaph to Canova, executed by his pupils. The design was originally made by Canova for a monument to be erected over the grave of the distinguished painter ; but that project not having been fulfilled, in consequence of Canova's death, his friends availed themselves of the artist's own conceptions in honouring his memory. This monument is said to have cost five thousand pounds.

Mournful and melancholy as Padua is, we were nevertheless obliged, a second time, to make it a resting-place, on our way from Venice. Among the Euganean hills to the right, between Padua and Monselice, lies Arquà, which can be visited without trouble, though not without molestation, from the crowd of persons who throng to show the celebrated tomb. Ferrara may be reached the same day, notwithstanding delay is occasioned by crossing the Adige and the Po, and by the

examinations at the Pope's custom-house. Literary associations make Ferrara interesting; but it is also a fine city, though in its decadence, having wide streets and elegant houses. The Legate's palace is a curious old building, surrounded by a moat of black water. The citadel is about a mile and a half from the town, in the middle of a swamp, on a dreary plain. The works are dilapidated, and the place seemed to be deserted, except by one or two sentries. I walked up to the ramparts to look into the old fortress, when, on coming close under them, I discovered a placard, announcing that nobody was to approach the citadel; the wanderer being thus not apprised of the prohibition till he has infringed it.

Without stopping to expatiate on the admirable but well-known collection of pictures at Bologna, I would just notice the Martyrdom of St. Agnes (or Agatha) by Domenichino, which is calculated to excite the most thrilling emotions of pity, horror, and admi-

ration. The calm and pious devotedness of the dying virgin is wonderfully contrasted with the determined purpose expressed in the countenance of the executioner, who, while his muscular arm is plunging the sword deep into the martyr's bosom, seems to be ascertaining with terrific deliberation, the effect of its murderous force.

A walk can be taken under arcades, a distance of three miles, up to the church of St. Luca del Monte, in the course of which ascent the city may be seen in various directions; and when arrived at the church, the spectator finds himself suddenly looking down on the wild scenery of the Apennines. But perhaps the most complete view, and the most easy of attainment, is that from the church of San Michele del Bosco.

After leaving Bologna, we soon entered on lands and cities celebrated by Dante; and first passing Imola and Faenza,

‘Lamone’s city and Santerno’s range,’

approached the wild and romantic shores of the Adriatic. Cesena,

‘ Whose flank is wash’d of Savio’s wave,’

is well situated, but has nothing to detain the traveller, who naturally hastens on to Rimini, which, exclusive of its own advantages, is a good centre whence to make excursions to St. Marino, Ravenna, or Urbino. This latter reminds us of one of the most honourable instances of generous and reciprocal confidence that has ever been recorded. ‘ The Duke of Urbino and Roberto Malatesta died on the same day (the 12th of September, 1482), one at Bologna, the other at Rome ; each of them, although at the head of adverse armies, having recommended to the other the protection of his possessions and surviving family *.’

The severity of the weather prohibited for several days any movement from Rimini, and, notwithstanding all our long conceived resolutions to make a pilgrimage to the tomb

* Roscoe’s *Life of Lorenzo de’ Medici*, vol. ii., p. 13.

of Dante, at Ravenna, we ultimately proceeded on our way without carrying into execution the intention which we had come so far to fulfil,—a species of ingratitude, for I scarcely know any book where so much vivid and prolonged delight may be found as in the *Divina Commedia*. The same inclemency of weather prevented a visit to San Marino, which is only four leagues from Rimini; but the rocky eminence of the little Republic was inaccessible to a carriage, and almost overwhelmed by the snow, from which all the wisdom of its sixty councillors could not extricate it.

A dreary marsh in part separates Rimini from the sea, but leaving that to the right, a road about a mile long conducts to the shore, whose soft sand affords a long and uninterrupted walk towards Pesaro. On his return, the wanderer, full of the poet, whose splendid effusions every surrounding object recalls to his memory, may observe on the left a ruined tower, which a very slight effort of imagina-

tion will fix as the dungeon keep of the castle of the Lords of Rimini :

‘ The old mastiff of Verruchio, and the young,
That tore Montagna in their wrath,

and made

An auger of their fangs.’

The modern custom-house and jetty then intercept the view, which afterwards reposes on the beautiful marble bridge of Augustus, which is still in excellent preservation, and dignifies the entrance into the town.

When at Pesaro, which has a fine, extensive harbour and pier, we were almost deterred from walking about the town by the clamorous importunity of its squalid population. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the approach to Ancona from Pesaro. The first thing to be done, after admiring the harbour, is to visit the magnificent arch in honour of Trajan, which adorns one side of it ; next, to ascend to the cathedral, built on the site of a temple to Venus, which commands a superb view. We found the walks

about Ancona so agreeable that we remained there two days. The weather, for some time past, had been as cold, to our sensations, as an ordinary December in England, and must have proved a source of distress to the unprepared peasantry, whom we saw standing shivering on the snow as we passed on our journey, as if they had all at once been transported to a strange and wintry land :

‘ Lo villanello a cui la roba manea
Si leva e guarda, e vede la campagna
Biancheggiar tutta ; ond’ ei si batte l’ anca :
Ritorna a casa, e qua e là si lagna
Come ’l tapin che non sa che si faccia.’

At Loretto we found the priests very civil and courteous, a conduct which we did not expect in that hotbed of superstition. I would warn travellers against expecting good accommodation at a place even so much frequented as Loretto. We erred in passing the night there, and also at Valcimara, a post-house, situated exquisitely in the heart of the Apennines, instead of sleeping at Macerata, where there is the first decent inn between Ancona

and Foligno. But in this part of Italy the inns are so dirty, that one can almost perceive the miasmata rising from the floors. Reichard's assertions of the dangers of the road need not now, however, excite the apprehensions of the traveller. The greater part of this route passing through Terni, Civita Vecchia, and Spoleto to Rome, amply rewards the traveller by its beauty for the privations to which he is occasionally subjected.

Having passed the winter at Naples and Rome, we moved northward early in March, towards Florence, by the route of Radicofani and the hospitable Sienna ('*Cor magis tibi Sena pandit*,' is the motto over one of its gates). We were just in time to witness the opening of the new monument erected by the Florentines to Dante, in the church of Santa Croce. The ceremonial was insignificant, simply comprising the performance

of some inferior music in the presence of no very numerous or distinguished company. The scaffolding was in the mean time removed, and the monument exposed to the public view. A broad base supports a sarcophagus, on one side of which stands a colossal figure of Italy pointing to the statue of the poet, who is seated on a sort of throne or bank of marble, in a meditating attitude, with his head resting on his right hand, and to an inscription immediately under, being his own words, taken from the *Inferno* (c. iv.)

‘ Onorate l’ altissimo Poeta.’

On the other side, the genius of Poetry, holding a chaplet in her hand, leans disconsolate over the sarcophagus, on which is placed a book, representing the *Divina Commedia*. On the base are inscribed the words

DANTI ALIGHERIO

Tusci

Honorarium Tumulum

A majoribus ter frustra decretum

Anno M.DCCC.XXIX

Feliciter excitarunt.

The monument was executed by Signor

Ricci, an architect of Florence. Thorwaldsen has expressed his approbation of it; but not knowing how far the praise of the celebrated Danish sculptor was unqualified, I venture to express an opinion that the erect female figure partakes of the clumsiness which has been objected to in Canova's monument of Alfieri. In addition to the stipulated remuneration, the Grand Duke bestowed on the artist one thousand crowns, and a pension of two hundred crowns per annum*.

The two towers of Bologna had a remarkably mysterious appearance as we approached the city by moonlight, and the effect was enhanced by the spectacle of several enormous masses of snow, which filled the squares and principal openings. The streets of Bologna, from having colonnades on each side,

* Lucky for him that he had not to do with the economy of a republic. The Americans gave Houdon only one thousand guineas for the statue and pedestal of Washington, in Virginia, which he went from France to erect; Jefferson acknowledging, after the bargain to which he had screwed down the poor artist was made, that he would lose by the agreement.—Jefferson's *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 248.

are almost impervious to the rays of the sun ; the snow, therefore, could not melt, and this vast accumulation of it gave evidence, even in May, of the singular severity of the winter of 1830.

There is an old and misshapen cathedral at Modena, with a beautiful marble campanile, but the steeple is disfigured by a gallery near the top, which does not allow enough of the spire to appear above it. A very mediocre monument to Napoleon is placed on the new promenade. Parma, which is about five hours journey from Modena, notwithstanding its one long handsome street, and a promenade called the Paradiso, is but a lugubrious looking place after all ; yet it contains pictures of Correggio, superior even to the specimens of him which are preserved at Dresden. Our evening ramble took us through the gate of St. Michael into the fortress close out of the town. Thence we went up the side of the river till we reached a bridge,

near a villa, from which we turned to the right, in order to get back to the city. This will be found a very pleasant walk, though just as we reached the walls, and supposed ourselves at home, as the evening shut in, we found that we had a torrent to cross. Luckily, in the midst of our embarrassment, a countryman overtook us, with a cart full of moist sand, who allowed us to place ourselves on his load (we had no alternative), and in this ludicrous manner we crossed the stream, exciting the astonishment of the Parmesans, as we entered the city, at the marks we had borne off from our humble conveyance.

A journey of six and a half posts, marked by nothing but the passage of the Po, in a ferry at a picturesque spot, brought us to Mantua, a gloomy old city, in an unhealthy situation, enlivened only by a single piece of beautiful architecture, the Ionic façade of its new theatre. It is worth while to walk out

of the city by St. George's bridge to view the prospect of the Alps on one side, and the Apennines on the other.

The Euganean hills, celebrated by the eloquent rhapsodies of Ugo Foscolo, exhibited to us their varied summits attired in the loveliest verdure of the early spring, as we approached the decayed town of Este. After, however, pacing round the walls of the ruined castle, and surveying the hills, with a white chapel perched on the very top of one of them, from the canal opposite the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, the interest of Este, caused by natural beauties, is exhausted, and one willingly quits it to pass on towards Bassano, which is beautifully situated on the Brenta. An agreeable walk may be obtained by pursuing the road on a line with the Hippodrome coffee-house as far as the church. Thence turning down a path lying between two walls, and inclining to the right, the passenger arrives at a large iron gateway, at the foot of which he will find the Brenta,

whose course he may follow upwards as far as his time will allow. On his return he will enjoy the grand prospect of the old city with its ruined walls, and antique castle covered with ivy, and its picturesque wooden bridge ; across the Brenta the verdant hills of Eusebio, chequered with white houses and churches, and looking, from the preciseness of their shapes, as if they had been planted by an artificial hand, and the mountains of La Grappe in the distance ; while the sluggish river winds along scenery which will remind him of the Lago di Garda.

We halted a day at Bassano, for the purpose of visiting the birth and burying place of Canova, at Possagno. The journey thither and back occupied exactly four hours. Possagno is a mere hamlet, beautifully situated among the hills of Asolano, where the celebrated sculptor commenced, in the year 1819, at his own expense, the construction of an elegant temple in the Grecian style of architecture. This splendid edifice, which was

almost finished at the period of our visit, has a circular interior, like the Pantheon at Rome, with a portico of stone; Doric columns, in double rows, surmounted by a pediment, which is to be adorned by bassi rilievi, executed by Venetian sculptors, from designs by Canova himself. The inside of the building has nothing remarkable in it, except it be the picture over the altar, which, our guide told us, was from Canova's own hand. The body of Canova is at present deposited in a side apartment of the church, covered by a plain slab, with the words ' Hic Canova ' inscribed on it. When the edifice is completed the remains of the immortal artist are to be removed to a vault under the altar.

What is called the Palazzo contains a few casts and models by Canova, and is a comfortable, gentlemanly house, which he occasionally occupied, and which is now the residence of his brother, whom he solemnly charged with the supervision of the work in question.

The road from Bassano to Possagno, though full of fine prospects, is very rugged and hilly. The executors of Canova, however, are making a long and handsome bridge over a deep ravine, which impedes the communication, and are generally improving the access to the humble village which the skill of its illustrious native has embellished, and his fame ennobled.

The stages being heavy, and the horses inferior, the journey to Trent occupied us nearly fourteen hours ; but the road supplied its own indemnification, by conducting us, among unceasing beauty, to the mountain's-top which overlooks that ancient and picturesque city. The heights, nevertheless, do not by any means afford the finest view : to obtain that, one must cross the Adige by the ugly misshapen substitute for the beautiful wooden bridge praised by Reichard, which was destroyed by the French some years ago, and, after walking a short distance, look back upon the town, flanked by its rugged moun-

tains ; then, following the course of the river about half an hour longer, the sound of a waterfall, dashing from a high cliff just above the road, will awaken the traveller from the meditations in which the stillness of the evening, the enchantment of the climate, the beauty of prospect, and the throng of associations, may have absorbed him. Nevertheless, lovely as this scene confessedly is, still greater drafts on his admiration will be made ; for though on the point of leaving Italy, he is approaching the Tyrol, and has before him the exquisite country of Botzen and Inspruck, and last, and more lovely than all, the magnificent Saltzburg.

A day may be well spared to Botzen ; and as we happened to stay there on a Sunday, we had the opportunity of seeing the people in their singular costume to the best advantage. The congregation passed under the windows of our inn ; the male peasants generally wearing the peculiar hat of the country, with garments of divers colours, and huge

buckles ; the women having high black, white, or brown sheepskin caps on their heads, or occasionally the golden and silver coifs of Bavaria : mixed with these might be seen a few large French hats, which decorated the town ladies, forming a preposterous contrast to the simplicity or the brilliancy of the national coiffure of the more primitive part of the assembly. After church, the principal portion of the lower classes resorted to a small chapel at a short distance from the town, beautifully situated on an eminence, on the ascent to which, at intervals of one hundred yards, are excavations in the rock, containing the most grotesque (and, to a Protestant eye, the most displeasing) representations of the several scenes of our Saviour's passion. Before each of these emblems the peasantry prostrated themselves, and prayed with intense devotion, as they passed ; and when they returned from their worship in the 'high places,' they renewed their idolatrous and pitiable reverences to

the stocks and stones which they had set up. Distressing as the view of these observances must be to those professing a purer religion, they were performed, to all appearance, in the deepest sincerity and humility, and from conscientious considerations of duty. Who, then, can venture to 'condemn another man's servant?'

The vicinity of Botzen furnishes delightful walks. As we were wandering among the rocks we perceived an ancient man, dressed in a strange picturesque garb, tottering from a neighbouring cottage, to whom we addressed a few questions in German, but his answers we did not understand. We therefore gave him a small piece of money, and walked on: but the donation probably surpassed his expectation; for, in his ecstasy, he roared out so many 'tausend segen,' that we absolutely fled from the din of his gratitude. We then seated ourselves on a bench, and were looking at the prospect below, when we were suddenly startled by a voice exclaim-

ing ‘tausend segen,’ and perceived, to our utter discomfiture, that we had been overtaken by our grateful Ochiltree. However, the stream of thankfulness seemed now exhausted, and leaving him on the heights, we descended towards home ; but pausing for a moment to take one look behind, the poor old man halted on a crag above, and waving his hat and staff, and letting his white hair flow in the wind, he shouted out ‘tausend segen,’ till the distance at last put a stop to further vociferation *.

The Brenner, as it is the easiest, so it is the least striking of the passes of the Alps. It has no difficulties to excite enterprise, and few beauties to create admiration. It leads, however, on either side, to countries where

* An old beggar, who accosted me in the wilds near Radicofani, insisted on my verifying, by actual manipulation, that he had no teeth in his head, nor could my alms purchase an exemption. On ascertaining the amount of the donation (a very trifle), he broke out into the most extravagant blessings, and ended with (as I thought) the bathos of ‘*La santissima Madonna ti benedica;*’ but he suddenly grasped my arm, looked round with an air of mysterious importance, and added, after a pause, in a low tone, ‘*Del Rosario.*’

Nature reigns in her loveliest form ; and the traveller, when entering the German Tyrol, willingly accepts the consolation which her romantic regions offer for the loss of the delights of Italy. Winding by the heights of Iselberg, he sees Inspruck at his feet, in the centre of a valley almost surrounded by mountains, which rise in gentle undulation above the town, by which flows the clear and rapid Inn, and leaving on the right the venerable church of St. James, and the adjoining abbey of Wilton, enters the city by a triumphal arch, erected * by the Inspruckers in honour of the visit of the Empress Maria Theresa and her husband, in the year 1765. At the end of the main street is the house with the ‘goldene dacherl,’ or golden roof. This edifice was

* The arch was hastily constructed, to do honour to the nuptials of the imperial couple ; but, on the sudden death shortly afterwards of Francis, the Empress caused the interior to be transformed into a funereal monument, the exterior remaining as before. Thus, taken as a whole, the structure is a mass of contradiction ; but it reminds us of the real mourner, who is compelled to wear a semblance of rejoicing, while his heart is oppressed with bitterness.

erected in the Gothic style, with a pent-house of copper bars, the gilding of which has been estimated at two hundred thousand ducats, in the year 1425, by Frederick IV., who occupied it as his residence. A stone which was placed in one of the walls has been found, denoting the antiquity of the building. On this stone, above the arms of Austria, are engraved, in Gothic characters, now almost illegible, the figures 1480, and below the shield the following inscription :—

‘ Sum dux ille pius, Scipio velut alter amicis
Ecce salutiferam do pietatis opem.
Ergo fle superos lacrymis, pie lector, obortis
Ut mea Nestoreos haureat aura dies.’

The first view of the interior of the Neubeu, or church of the Franciscans, powerfully excites admiration. Entering by a fine marble portico, covered above with copper, the spectator passes into the nave, when he perceives the magnificent monument of the Emperor Maximilian. We had come unexpectedly upon the church, which holds forth from the outside no attraction, without valet de place

or guide-book, and therefore enjoyed the spectacle with redoubled zest.

Ten pillars of red marble support the vaulted ceiling of the church, which seems to form a huge canopy over the imperial mausoleum of red and white marble ; on the top is the statue of the Emperor, in his state robes, kneeling on a cushion in the attitude of prayer. Twenty-eight colossal statues of bronze, designating individuals of high rank, male and female, the greater part of the House of Austria, but principally of the family of Maximilian, or of persons of antiquity, beginning with Clovis, King of France, surround the tomb. Our King Arthur has his place among these worthies, as the founder of the Round Table. Some bronze statues, twenty-five in number, of less dimensions, and of superior workmanship, are placed on high in front of the choir. They represent certain saints of both sexes, who flourished in the first ages of Christianity, all descended from kings or nobles, and connected, by real

or pretended alliance, with the house of Hapsburg.

The body of Hofer is buried in the niche of an ancient altar, on the left of the entrance of the church, the Emperor Francis having caused his remains to be removed from Mantua, where he was executed. They were deposited in their present resting-place with extraordinary solemnity and pomp, and will shortly be covered by a tomb, prepared under his Imperial Majesty's orders.

A delightful walk may be taken to the castle of Ambras, situated on a height about two miles from Inspruck. The road leads, in the first instance, by the fine old abbey of Wilton, near to which falls a pleasant cascade of the Sill, overtopped by the thick woods of Mount Isel. Two immense statues frown over the portal of the abbey. These are stated to represent two giants named Haymo and Tyrsus. The legend relates that, in the year 860, a certain giant, whose stature was twelve feet, having finished

his tour on the Rhine, took the route of the southern Alps. At the entrance of the upper valley of the Inn, he was encountered by a rival of equal force but of inferior skill, named Tyrsus, whom he overthrew. Being smitten with an unreasonable degree of remorse, Haymo commenced the construction of a convent upon the ruins of the ancient Roman city Veldenena ; but just where the Sill poured forth its early waters from the rock, a certain dragon used to issue from a cavern (still called Drachenhohle), and by night destroyed the work of the repentant and industrious giant. He soon succeeded, however, in slaying the enemy who thus thwarted his constructiveness, and the building being rapidly run up, Haymo peopled the monastery with monks from distant countries, and mourned eighteen years for his sins in the garb of the order which he had penitentially assumed.

Ambras is mentioned so far back as the 10th century, when it was the chief strong

hold of the Counts of Andrach. Having rebuilt the castle on a more magnificent scale, Ferdinand the First, into whose possession it had come, presented it to his son the Archduke Ferdinand, who made it the depository of the ancient monuments, pictures, medals, and arms, which now form the Ambras collection at Vienna. Little, therefore, remains in the interior to attract the beholder beyond the halls and galleries frequented by the princes and ladies of the 16th century. But nothing can deprive the castle of its 'pleasant site,' where the charms of nature defy the ravages of time and the destruction of war. The park belonging to it is now deserted ; yet it does not suffer in beauty from the want of culture : the moss on the side of the hills is as soft as ever, and still enamelled with a thousand flowers, while the little cascade yet murmurs through the rocks, improved by the obstacles which have been allowed to impede its progress. Looking down from the ramparts of the fortress, the eye rests on

the village of Ambras, with its picturesque pointed, green spire, sprouting, as it were, from the verdant valley, and on the tranquil scenery immediately around, and almost neglects to give a glance at the rapid Inn, the bridges, mountains, and distant towns which fill up the exquisite landscape.

In the environs of Inspruck are many spots possessing legendary or romantic interest, to visit all of which would require a separate tour. Among these is Martinswand, an almost perpendicular wall of rock, about two miles from the city, near to the old castle of Fragenstein, on the road to Zirl, famous for a chamois chase of the Emperor Maximilian. Near the centre of the cliff is a grotto called after the Emperor, in which is placed a large crucifix, looking upon the frightful precipices where he encountered his perilous adventure. The Emperor, in the ardent pursuit of a chamois which he had wounded, ventured too far on the ledge of a rock, when suddenly the staff slipped from his hand. The tremendous

depth made him tremble, and he sought by a violent effort to leap to a more secure position, but of his six iron crampons five were broken, and he found himself held only by a single one from being precipitated into the gulph below. Despairing of human aid, he recommended himself to God, and contemplated the alternative of being starved to death or dashed to pieces. His suite, having in the mean time discovered the Emperor by his cries, used every effort to rescue him, but found it impossible to render him any succour. To preserve his mortal part from destruction being beyond their power, he was considered a dying man, and they prepared, in the mournful extremity, to afford him the last consolations of religion. Already the plaintive bell of the village church summoned the people to pray before the holy sacrament, which was conveying to the foot of the rock, to be solemnized in the presence of the unfortunate monarch, when a chamois hunter, of the name of Zips, reached the spot

where the Emperor was suspended between life and death. Surprised to see a man where only the pressed chamois ventured his foot, he cried out ‘Holla, what are you doing there below?’ And the Emperor answered calmly, ‘I am on the watch,’ (*Ich laure*,) and pointed out to him the awful ceremonial which was performing. ‘Well,’ rejoined the hunter, ‘must not I attempt the descent?’ ‘Come with me.’ Then giving the Emperor fresh crampons for his feet, he assisted him with his arm and conducted him safely to the bottom. ‘Henceforth,’ said the Emperor to his deliverer, ‘you shall no longer be called Zips, but Hollauer, in eternal commemoration of my deliverance, that this name may preserve for ever the remembrance of your *holla*, and of my answer (in German, *Ich laure*); and as this high rock would have been my place of sepulture without your aid, the title of Lord of Hohenfelsen (of the high rock), Hollauer de Hohenfelsen, with

‘ suitable arms, shall be granted to you in
‘ perpetuity.’

It might be supposed that the route from Inspruck to Salzburg, notwithstanding its beauties, is seldom taken by travellers, as the road is not laid down in the ordinary guide-books *. I may, therefore, render a service to others by inserting a note of the stages in the Appendix. The first place of any importance is Schwatz, where much iron, vitriol, and malachite are produced. In former times its mines yielded a considerable quantity of silver, but they do not now repay the expense of working. Near Rattenberg is an extraordinary pass, having an old castle elevated above the road, while another seems to intercept the passage below. We took up our quarters for the night at Soll, finding at the post-house good beds and promise of tolerable fare ; but it had another attraction in its delightful situation, embedded among

* Mr. Domeier has since given it.

mountains which descend so close upon the village, that they appear ready to crush it. The next morning we breakfasted at St. Johann. Between Wendring, the last town of the Tyrol, and Unken, the country is uncommonly beautiful, especially at a spot, whose name I have not preserved, where there is a castle, with a park on an eminence, and a ruined fortress in front, with a rapid river running by it.

Shortly after leaving Lofer*, the Bavarian territories are entered by a romantic pass, and a very steep hill. The river which we had hitherto followed disappeared here, and a torrent descended to meet us, as if the two states required streams of contrary courses.

Honour to the taste of the Holy Rupert, who, at the end of the seventh century, having received the permission of Duke Theodore II. to choose a spot in his domi-

* At Lofer is a custom-house, where baggage is plumbed, which enables the traveller to pass through the small remnant of the Bavarian territories, until he again reach the Austrian dominions at Reichenhall, where the seals are removed.

nions for a sacred establishment, sought the banks of the impetuous Salzach, and founded a church, an abbey, and a city on the ruins of the ancient Juvavia! The new city, favoured by emperors, princes, and nobles, soon rose into importance; Leo III. made it an archbishopric; Rodolph, of Hapsburg, enrolled its metropolitans among the princes of the land, and the successors of Saint Rupert are now Primates of Germany. Notwithstanding these fine names, Salzburg is not large, nor, should I say, judging from appearance, that it is thriving,—the salt-works in the vicinity being its chief source of industry and gain. It has also met with dreadful drawbacks from the occurrence of fires, inundations, droughts, storms, pestilential disorders, and war; nearly half the city was destroyed by fire in 1818.

The most magnificent views may be had from the Schlossberg, the rock on which the fortress stands, and from many points of that high region, where an accumulation of all the

objects that can embellish a landscape is presented to the eye of the delighted beholder. If he descend into the plain, a variety of walks invites him to range across verdant meadows and through pretty villages, sheltered by mountains, wooded down to the road. But I pretend not to describe Salzburg, which is far more lovely than any inland place I have seen in Germany, Switzerland, or Italy : it has been called a ‘Paradise,’ a ‘Tempe,’ a ‘*German Cashmere*,’ but whoever has described it let him repent of his temerity, and he who proposes to do so let him lay down his pen in prudence and despair. As Sir Joshua Reynolds wished the last words he spoke from the academical chair should be ‘Michael Angelo,’ so the lover of picturesque scenery should end his tour in this city, and close his account of natural and romantic beauty with the name of Salzburg.

We made an excursion from Salzburg, through a charming country, to Berchtesgaden, and the Königsee. The last is a

little lake, about a league and a half long and a mile broad, overhung by high mountains, which descend precipitously to the edge of the dark-green water, and deny, in the event of a storm, a landing place to the boatman. It is a miniature of the lake of Wallenstadt, and, in proportion, comprises its beauties and its dangers. Embarking in a small skiff, we proceeded up the lake till we came to the fall of the Königsbach; but after having been upon the lake for about an hour, symptoms of an approaching storm compelled us to return, though the complete circuit of the lake occupies about three hours.

The village of Berchtesgaden itself, though pleasantly situated, need not engage the traveller longer than to procure the necessary facilities for visiting the Saltberg, which is scarcely a mile from the inn. The entrance into the mine is dark and cold, but the passage is quite flat, over a commodious boarded platform. After walking about twenty mi-

nutes we came to the principal excavation, which did not appear to us so large as that at Northwich, in Cheshire; still its great depth, when illuminated by tapers in the gallery above, made it a very striking object. The neighbouring works at Hallein are on a larger scale, but the descent into them by an inclined plane is not calculated for ladies.

It took us fourteen hours to go from Salzburg to Passau. The mountainous country may be said to terminate at Salzburg, but the tract through which we passed is undulated, and highly cultivated and pleasing, as far as Schoëding, where we crossed the Inn into Bavaria, and, after ascending a long hill, affording fine prospects, penetrated through a thick wood, and descended upon Passau, which is delightfully situated between the Danube and the Inn.

Having arrived upon ground preoccupied by Mr. Planché, I shall only say that, more ardent than him, I did think it worth while to pass the River Inn, and ascend the hill to the

monastery, the view from which fully compensates the trouble, if the most laborious walk among such rich scenery can be so designated. The town appears, also, to great advantage after crossing the Danube over the new and beautiful bridge, from a hill near the citadel on the Mariahülberg, up to which you mount by a staircase of three hundred steps. Admittance is granted readily to this fortress, but the prospect may be seen equally well without entering the garrison. It is far pleasanter to range undisturbed on such occasions, to eschew unnecessary talk, to select your own points of view, instead of being dictated to by a troublesome fellow with a spying glass in his hand, urging *how far you can see with that*, (if mere distance were the desideratum, one had better resort to Herschell's great telescope at Slough,) and marring the face of nature by adscititious appliances.

Finding it impossible to procure here a good boat for our separate conveyance, we proposed to take our passage to Vienna in

the post-boat, whose immediate departure was announced. But we found this ponderous and unwieldy machine so loaded with merchandise, and so uncertain in its movements, that we relinquished that plan ; besides, on the arrival of the vessel off Engelhardzell, where there is an Austrian custom-house most rigorously administered, the whole cargo is unshipped, which, in the case of a large craft, involves a delay of two or three days. These river custom-houses are excessively oppressive in their operation, the loss to the merchant from the detention and injury of his goods being so severe as almost to crush the spirit of commerce and enterprise. We, therefore, determined to proceed by land from Passau to Lintz, which journey having occupied nearly thirteen hours, we did not reach the latter town till ten at night. As far as we could see, the road was uninteresting and extremely hilly till the last stage between Efferding and Lintz, the latter part of which ran close by the Danube, from whose

thundering flood we were only divided, in a pitch dark night, by a frail and low wall.

At Lintz we hired an excellent new boat with two rowers for forty florins, to convey us and our carriage to Vienna, the proprietor engaging to run up a small cabin of planks as a defence against the weather. I am sorry I have forgotten the name of this gentleman, for, in addition to the original reasonable price of the boat, he executed his engagement with punctuality, and aided the arrangements of our embarkation by his personal superintendence.

On the morning of the 25th we darted away from Lintz at half-past nine, and reached Mölk at half-past five. Accustomed to the furious tides of the Houghly, the ordinary stream of the Danube did not appear to us to flow with striking rapidity, though its continual gurgling whirlpools give a formidable and engulfing character to its surface, under which dangerous rocks sometimes lurk, the collision with which, precipitated by the

powerful current, would cause the immediate destruction of a frail skiff just planked for the single voyage, and destined to be broken up after its termination. As far as Struden the scenery of the Danube cannot justly be called beautiful, if compared with the Rhine ; indeed the width of the stream, the paucity of villages, the flat islands, and the general lowness of the banks, furrowed and dilapidated by inundations, impart to it an air of barrenness and desolation. We scarcely met any boats, for few ascend the stream but those of the largest size, whose substantial and expensive build, and ample cargoes, make it worth while to drag them up by means of horses. The widening river sometimes branched off into divers channels, which our boatmen could not always distinguish ; more than once we were absolutely at fault, and the boat seemed to pursue its course with as much uncertainty as the bark of Orellana.

At Struden the river narrows, the banks

are better wooded, the country is more cultivated and civilized, some villages peep among the rocks, more ruined castles frown on their summits, and the vicinity of the famous Strudel and Wirbel, the Sylla and Charybdis of the Danube, is approached with an undefinable interest, arising from the recollection of formidable stories of peril. But thanks to Maria Theresa, who caused the most dangerous rock to be removed, there was no real ground for apprehension, and amidst the sublimity of the scene, we amused ourselves with comparing the gentle undulation of the real Charybdis, which we had experienced a few years ago, with the noisy rocking which now agitated our boat, both equally harmless, and associations apart, only deserving of notice on account of the beauties of their locality.

The Abbey of M^ölk, splendidly situated on a high rock, washed by the Danube, is, perhaps, the grandest object on the river. The view from the terrace is mag-

nificent. The inmates of the establishment, although their rents are reduced, enjoy an ample maintenance from the pilgrims, who repair to it from all parts of Germany.

We spent the night at a tolerable inn in the dirty town, and departing the next morning at half-past five, arrived in three hours at Stein, where we breakfasted. Just before coming to this village, we passed under Dürrestein, where Richard Cœur de Lion was confined. This castle, like the whole of the country on the Danube, from Ratisbon to Vienna, has been described by Mr. Planché, in whose entertaining pages the fullest information on the subject will be found*.

Opposite to Stein, the noble Abbey of Göttwieh looms gloriously from an isolated mountain in the distance. After leaving Stein, the country lost its beauty, and we longed to reach our destination ; the wind,

* The 'Reisetaschenbuch für donaufahrer,' by Anton Johann Gress, published at Vienna in 1830, may also be advantageously consulted.

however, was so violently against us, that it was near six in the evening before we arrived at Vienna.

Vienna appears to be the most rural of cities, being surrounded by beautiful walks and gardens, which are growing up in a circumference of six hundred yards wide on the glacis, and afford delightful recreation to the inhabitants. The ramparts, too, are converted into promenades, yielding diversified views of the adjacent mountains and vineyards, the public parks, watered by the Danube, and the noble edifices of the suburbs, among which the splendid exterior of the church of St. Carlos stands forth a magnificent feature. Even the ditches, having been drained, are formed into rides and plantations. The trees are not yet sufficiently high, nor are the general horticultural embellishments completed; but in a few years Vienna will boast of a belt of verdant beauty round its walls, which will be a source of comfort and enjoyment to its citizens, and of admiration to strangers. The

Prater, likewise, 'the finest public park in Europe,' contains thick groves of trees, which, aided by the streams of the Danube, cut off the continuity of suburban contact, and prevent, on that side, the accumulation of inferior houses close to the metropolis, such as encumber London and other cities. Some traveller complains that the French killed all the red deer in the Prater; but the stock has been replenished, as herds may now be seen there so tame as to allow carriages to pass within a few paces of them.

One soon escapes from the streets of Vienna, and can in a short time scale the Kahlenberg, and enjoy the lofty solitudes of Dornbach, a noble domain, belonging to Prince Schwartzenberg, full of hill, and wood, and wild scenery, and open to the public, according to the liberal practice of the German aristocracy. The Kahlenberg is full nine hundred feet above the level of the Danube, and the view from it amply repays the toil of the ascent. One of the

finest spots, however, in the environs of Vienna, is the park of the Prince Lichtenstein, called the Briel, near the picturesque village of Mödling, which, though only nine English miles from Vienna, seems to be as secluded as a watering-place in the Black Forest. We went, of course, through the usual routine of sight-seeing at Vienna; but the subject has been exhausted by Mr. Russel, in his intelligent work on Germany; and even the English edition of Reichard affords an excellent guide to the capital, taken from Mr. Pezzl.

At the time we were at Vienna, the people had scarcely recovered from the terror occasioned by the inundation of the Danube in the preceding month of March; and the banks and trees in the neighbourhood of the river gave frightful evidence of the violence of its *debordement*. The officer whose duty it is to guard against such an evil, or at least to give timely warning when it may be expected, had, it was asserted, been cau-

tioned, on the day preceding the catastrophe, that the ice had shown indications of breaking up, but he expressed a most confident opinion to the contrary. At midnight, however, the ice separated with a tremendous crash; the accumulated water burst forth, and inundated all the lower parts of the city. From one thousand to twelve hundred persons are said to have been destroyed: report adds, that in one prison fifty wretched malefactors, who could not be extricated, perished, though official statements reduced the number to nine. In one of the most frequented parts of the city, a house was pointed out to me where two individuals were drowned in the lower story, before they could escape from the danger which surprised them. Immense was the loss on the occasion, in relief of which the Emperor immediately gave forty thousand florins, and the Prince of Lichtenstein thirty thousand.

At the Hotel des Invalides are two large pictures of the battles of Asperne and Leip-

sic : the former appeared to us the best ; the figure of the Archduke Charles is spirited, and the dead soldier in the foreground is very happily executed.

A journey of only six hours from Vienna, brought us to Presburg* by an agreeable road. The ruined castle seated on a high rock, though it presents a most imposing feature in the landscape, does not afford any fine prospect from its walls, owing to the great flatness of the country, through which, however, the broad course of the magnificent Danube may be perceived for a considerable distance. On the opposite side of the river are pleasure-grounds, where the loungers of the city assemble of an evening, and are entertained at a Café, erected in a charming situation. But this is all that can be said in favour of Presburg. Though so short a distance from Vienna, the change of manners is remarkable, from the

* Near this city, we met a carriage like a pianoforte van, loaded with leeches, intended for the Paris market.

polite gaiety of the Viennese, to the vulgar and boisterous mirth of the Presburgers. The lower classes of the Hungarians too are much worse dressed, and appear less healthy than the inhabitants of Austria.

We were flagrantly and insolently cheated at the inn where we lodged. On my declining to pay just double what was agreed on, the landlord coolly made a sign to the postilion not to move from the door, and retired into the house. On my asking the driver whether the innkeeper was his master, he replied in the negative; but he dared not to move after he had forbidden him. Possibly I might have gained redress at the police; but not knowing what the Hungarian rules might be, an utter stranger, and conscious of an imperfect knowledge of German, I found it best to submit to the extortion. The surcharge itself on these occasions, is, of course, of no consequence; but it is difficult to succumb patiently to the effrontery of insolent imposition. This was one among the nume-

rous inconveniences I experienced from not having a German courier, who is indispensably necessary to a person travelling in his own carriage in Germany or Hungary.

Wishing to see a little more of ‘the land
‘by Danube washed whenas he strays be-
‘yond the limits of his German shores,’ we resolved to return circuitously to Vienna, and accordingly proceeded through a flat and uninteresting country to Oedenburg, which seemed a place of considerable traffic.

The next day we breakfasted at Winpasing, a pretty, quiet village, and reached Baden at mid-day, glad to leave the never-ending plains of the wild and barren country which we had traversed during the last three days.

At a short distance from the town of Baden is the enchanting valley of St. Helena, previous only to the foot passenger. ‘It is a dell,’ says Mr. Russel, ‘rather than a valley. At
‘its entrance there is scarcely room for more
‘than the ample mountain stream, which
‘waters and enlivens it throughout its whole

‘ extent. The lofty rocks, which on each
‘ side guard its mouth, still bear the sombre
‘ ruins of two ancient fortresses frowning at
‘ each other across the valley, like warders
‘ posted on hostile towers. Neither horse nor
‘ carriage can possibly enter, and the highest
‘ in the land must mingle on foot with the
‘ lowest.’

The castle on the left hand being in the woods, which may be said to form a part of the pleasure-grounds of the imperial palace, has been rendered easy of access by paths and strong ladders. After visiting this mountain ruin, I walked up the valley to Anton’s brücke, a little white bridge which crosses the brook, and passed through a grotto of one hundred and twenty feet long, cut out of the rock. From this spot, a shady walk leads along the mountain to the other old castle. The entrance to this was more difficult,—it was locked, and as if a joke were intended against the weary and unwary climber, he is informed, by a notice on

the door, that the key of the castle is kept at the church below !

It is impossible not to feel a sentiment of deep commiseration for poor Mrs. Starke, who was eight mortal days travelling from Vienna to Prague *. Warned that the whole of the country was uninteresting, we sacrificed one night's rest, and, having left Vienna at five o'clock on the morning of the 13th, we managed to arrive at Prague, though much delayed for horses and by sandy roads, at half-past nine on the following evening.

On our way to Presburg we had met large numbers of persons, apparently proceeding on a pilgrimage, and beguiling the fatigue of the road by singing hymns. There were many women and children among them in wretched guise, but they did not ask charity of us. These poor people, we now found, were repairing to Prague for the purpose of being present at the festival of St. John Nepomuc, which was celebrating at the time

* Travels in Europe, p. 426.

we reached the city, and which was thronged with devotees from various parts, especially Bavaria ; for, though he peculiarly presides over Bohemia, his sanctity is redolent throughout all Germany.

History relates, that John Welflin, of Nepomuc, vicar of the Archbishop of Prague, after being put to the rack, was cast from the bridge into the Moldau, by order of King Wencelaus, for refusing to bear false witness against his principal *. According to tradition, however, the saint was put to death because he declined to betray to the king the communications which the queen had made to him as her confessor ; but supernatural flames having illumined the body while in the water, Pope Benedict XIII. placed the holy man in the calendar, and conferred on him a title which a Protestant would deem it almost blasphemy to pronounce. My valet-de-place had his improvement on these two stories, and, having

* Deutchland, vol. ii., p. 590.

shown me the arch of the bridge from whence the saint was precipitated, he pointed out a projection of the pier on which he, like Sancho, or his imitator, Baillie Jarvie, had stuck by his nether garment ; which escape having been ascribed to the interference of heaven, he was restored to the king's favour*.

It was a remarkable sight to view the motley multitudes pouring through the streets, making their obeisances to, and casting garlands before, the numerous images of Nepomuc, and flocking to the bridge to offer their more fervent devotions before his statue, which is set up in a conspicuous part of the battlement. We crossed the bridge several times, but the crowd did not diminish, and in the evening the concourse was so great, that the passage was prohibited to carriages,

* An old picture is mentioned as representing the saint holding forth to the people a new born son of the wife of the Emperor Charles VI., with the inscription

Schauts ! der heilige Nepomuc
Macht hier ein wahres meisterstück.

I' faith ! the holy Nepomuc
Has made here a real master stroke.

and we were under the necessity of returning in a boat. At night fires were kindled on the heights, salutes were discharged from the illuminated islands of the Moldau, and music and shouts echoed through the streets.

The antiquity of Prague, ‘the Moscow of the Austrian monarchy,’ has been deduced to the eighth century, and its foundation attributed to a certain Princess Libussa, who resided in a strong hold near its site. The city was originally of wood, and came in time to be adorned with marble; but a certain Bohemian poet, Peter Capella, makes Rodolph II., in whose time the prosperity of Prague was at its zenith, surpass Augustus, and rival Midas :

Lignea prima fuit, posuit cum limina Pragæ

Jam tum surgenti prima Libussa suæ.

Marmorea inde stetit, postquam super æthera tures

Extulit, et magnas luxuriosa domos.

Jam non marmorea est, non lignea, et aurea tota

Continua facta est sede, Rudolphe, tua.

Prague is divided by the Moldau into two parts, of which the smallest, that lies on the

Saxon side, hangs in the shape of an amphitheatre, while the other stretches like a vast semicircular terrace towards Austria. Among the objects of note are the Hradchin, the cathedral, the council-house, and the Wischerad, of which scarcely a brick remains, to mark the residence of the ancient Kings of Bohemia. The Imperial palace on Mount Hradchin owes more to its conspicuous situation than any extraordinary beauty it possesses as a building. It was formerly inhabited by the Bohemian sovereigns, of whom Mathias was the last who resided there, having transferred the seat of government to Vienna after the commotions of 1616. In the courtyard is a celebrated bronze statue of St. George, which, though too small to be dignified, is a very spirited performance.

Close behind the palace rises, in solemn grandeur, the old Gothic cathedral, now only a beautiful fragment, half of it having been destroyed by fire, but it contains many things of the olden time; the arms of

Saint Wencelaus, particularly his sword, with which the Kings of Bohemia, at their coronation, used to dub the knights of Saint Wencelaus; the tombs of many ancient barons and heroes, a fine picture of Mary in the Temple, by Holbein, and the splendid mausoleum of Nepomuc, glittering in four hundred weight of solid silver.

The council-house is remarkable for its Gothic exterior, and for its famous clock, now motionless, which indicated the mutations of the heavenly bodies, while, for its chimes, Death, in all his grimness, struck the hours upon a bell, and on the opposite side the figure of an old man (probably Time himself) shook his head!——at the carelessness of mankind who neglect the passing hours, and regard not the warning, ‘*Pereunt et imputantur**.’

Over a side entrance of the council-house are inscribed in letters of gold the following

* ‘They pass away and are laid to account.’ Motto round the clock of All Souls’ College, Oxford.

verses, written by Julius Scaliger, in praise of Prague :

Omnia turrigeræ concedunt oppida Pragæ
Natura hic posuit quicquid in orbe fuit.
Hic genus acre virûm, bonus aer, unda salubris,
Ad vitem et fruges ingenuosus ager.
Hic, Cæsar, proceresque, themisque, novemque sorores,
Hic aliis spretis : orbis in urbe sua est.

A steep ascent leads to the Wischerad, which is seated on a dark and rocky eminence, looking over the Moldau and the city. The site is now occupied by the Arsenal, a church, and a few mean houses. If, however, I have understood my German authority* rightly, this little church is the ancient heathen chapel, and the dancing hall and baths of Libussa may yet be traced.

The islets on the Moldau, called Little Venice, and the shooting island, where parties of pleasure are frequently held, make agreeable additions to the general beautiful prospect which may be enjoyed from the bridge.

* Prag geschildert von Julius Max Schottky, professor, page 73.

We did not omit to ascend the White Mountain, famous for the battles of Ferdinand of Austria and the Elector Palatine, and of Frederick the Great and Marshal Schwerin, the conduct of which latter on the day of battle has been compared with the exploits of Cæsar*. The monument erected to the memory of the veteran Marshal, being in an open field, will soon cease to record his prowess.

Wallenstein's palace is said to be kept, as far as possible, in the same condition as he left it. A portrait of himself, and the skin of his favourite charger, stretched so as to resemble life, are exhibited in a greenhouse, but we must not expect our recollections to be excited by many visible evidences

* A simple partizan may make as good a speech on such an occasion as a generalissimo. 'Yo no soy de los que reservan por premio,' said a leader of insurgent Catalonians to his men, 'capitan quiero ser de los muertos, y se no me hallaredes entre vosotros, buscadime alla' entre los enemigos.'—'I belong not to those who reserve themselves for reward: I desire to be captain of the dead, and if you do not find me in your ranks, seek me yonder among the enemy.'—CAPMANY, FILOSOFIA DE LA ELOCÜENCIA, Page 5.

of that great agitator and partizan ; nor indeed are they required, since Schiller, in his wonderful drama and his history of the Thirty years' war, has left nothing wanting to form a vivid picture of the intriguing warrior.

I had almost forgotten to mention the noble square of the Ross Market, which is adorned with fine houses, and leads to the ramparts, now laid out in promenades. It was returning from one of these walks that I observed hung up in the gate a tarif of the duties exacted on provisions brought into the city. The minutest article is not spared, and the authorised exactions are aggravated by the extortions of the people appointed to make them. The shops of Prague are remarkably good, especially those of the booksellers, and almost equal the magazines of Vienna. Articles of every description, however, are dearer than in the Austrian capital.

Perhaps the best view of Prague is that which may be enjoyed from the high hill on the road to Dresden, about an hour after

quitting the city. It was here we took our last look of this interesting capital, and proceeded by Welltrus and Dixan to Lowositz. At Welltrus, a pretty and retired spot, we crossed the Elbe by a ferry, the bridge having been carried away by the ice about thirty years ago; and passed through Theresienstadt, a noble fortress distinguished by exemplary cleanliness, and so large, that a considerable number of inhabitants not military reside within the circle of its fortifications.

Lowositz, a humble town situated on the Elbe, is celebrated for the victory gained by Frederick II. over the Austrians commanded by Marshal Brown. When the Emperor Joseph II. visited the spot, in 1766, the citizens erected a monument to commemorate the place where he breakfasted on the field of battle, and recorded the event in the following couplet:—

Hier ist der Ort wo Joseph speiste
Das Schlachtfeld sah' und nach Sachsen reiste.

Doggrel for doggrel;

Here Joseph the Second, having broken his fast,
The battle-field viewed, and to Saxony past.

Having sent on our carriage to Töplitz, we hired a small boat, with two rowers, to take us down the Elbe to Aussig. ‘The hour was morning’s prime’ when we embarked from Lowositz, the finest weather prevailed, and we dropped down the gentle waters of the Elbe amidst scenery, not of a magnificent, but of a most pleasing and tranquillizing character. The smoothness of the current was a little interrupted off Schreckenstein, by a slight fall of the river, and where an old castle of most picturesque and romantic form commands a pass on the only spot where the landscape assumes any degree of grandeur or wildness. The little town of Aussig soon after appeared in sight, where we arrived after a voyage of three hours. The town seemed to be very poor, though there was a bustle of traffic prevalent on the banks of the river. It was the birth-place of the

painter Mengs ; and from the grapes which grow on a mountain in its vicinity is made a wine much celebrated under the name of Podskalky. We left it after breakfast in a miserable hired caleche, into the cushions of which the grease had got instead of the wheels, and arrived at Toplitz at mid-day. The scenery was beautiful throughout. We passed by Culm, where Vandamme was defeated by the Allies, and viewed the cast-iron monuments erected near the field of battle to the memory of Coloredo, and in honour of the Prussian army. Coloredo's lofty pyramid may be seen at an immense distance, as the Donnerberg, by which the road passes, is ascended, and its position is admirably calculated to arrest the observation of travellers coming either from Prague, Leipsic, or Dresden.

Though Töplitz is agreeably situated in a valley between two mountains, is well wooded, and watered by a little river, with the elegant name of Saubach, or Sow-brook, the draw-

ings of it do not convey to a stranger any idea of its *agrémens* ; and yet, when one is actually there, the neat buildings, the pleasant walks, and the view of the Schlossberg, make him acknowledge that the place has many attractions. According to the kind and laudable practice observed almost universally by the German nobility, which I have before noticed, Prince Clary, who is the great proprietor of the vicinity, allows everybody access to his beautiful garden, which immediately adjoins the town. This privilege seems never to be exceeded, nor does it appear that any precautions are taken against its abuse. One ranges through the grounds without being spied at by gardeners or guardians ; the indulgence is freely granted, and enjoyed with a freedom which is never disgraced by mischief. Prince Schwartzenberg permits all decently dressed individuals to enter the gardens of his private residence at Vienna, and nobody thinks of plucking a single flower of the thousands which embel-

lish the parterres. It would not be possible to establish this state of things in England : the rich would never tolerate such an intrusion on their privacy, and *the public* would soon arrogate to itself rights inconsistent with the rules of sufferance. People in Germany, however, are content to enjoy an indulgence as a concession, and deem it no humiliation to be obliged to their superiors. Indeed, there, obligations are conferred so much as a matter of course, that they are hardly perceived to be such. It is their habits, combined with the more even dissemination of riches, which create so much harmony among all ranks of society on the Continent, especially in Germany, and render the inferior classes so attached to those above them. The few who have immense wealth contrive to conciliate the great body of the people, by making them partakers of their luxuries, by opening to them their parks, gardens, and palaces, and by giving public fêtes and entertainments.

Descending a little lower, official men, military officers, and rich citizens, do not disdain to sit down with a respectable artizan at the table d'hôte, at which the treatment is equal, the conversation general, and reciprocal courtesy prevails. In the country, too, the substantial proprietor travels about (especially on Sundays) with his family to dine at some inn ordinary, where he is sure to meet with a numerous company, and where the distinction of ranks and wealth is forgotten in the levelling enjoyment of sociality. On all these occasions, moreover, females take their part, without their titles, except those of respectability, being rigidly scrutinized, so that a commandant, or the wearer of an order, does not decline to offer civilities to a Bourgeoise, tendered, too, not in the *de haut en bas* manner in which an Englishman would address a tradesman's wife, but in that language of deference which they consider due to the sex in general, and which the sex know full well how to appreciate. The con-

sequence is, that their influence is added to the disposition entertained by their husbands, fathers, and brothers to maintain a liberal and friendly connexion with those who, excelling them in rank or wealth, do not mortify them by neglect, or the more humiliating display of ostentatious condescension. Hence, as far as I could observe and collect during a rapid progress through Germany, no hostility on the part of the poor, no jealousy on the side of the middling classes was borne towards the opulent. Even in Austria, one of the last remaining refuges of arbitrary power, general harmony seemed to prevail among the different grades of society. Whether the same good-will existed in relation to the government is another question.

If we examine the causes of the recent discontents in several states of Germany, it will be found that they have originated in the abuses and oppressions of the government, not in dissatisfaction on the part of the people at the unequal distribution of property. The poor

man complains of unjust monopolies, of the weight of imposts, or of mal-administration, not of the insolence of the aristocrats. Now, in England there is no concatenation of society : a great gulph exists between the aristocracy and the middling and lower classes. The needy man is hourly exasperated by the display of enormous luxury, while he is in destitution, in which he has been taught to suppose, however erroneously, the rich feel no sympathy ; and those somewhat higher in the scale of society are disgusted to find themselves slighted because they are humble, and, unless endowed with pre-eminent talents, wholly excluded from the company of their superiors. It is really singular to reflect that in free England the distinction of rank and wealth is perhaps more strongly defined than in any other part of Europe, excepting Russia ; and though there may be in some countries a greater glitter of uniforms, orders, and medals, yet in essential haughtiness, in the despotism of riches, and in the abrupt

demarcation of society, England is conspicuous and unrivalled.

These observations, however, have insensibly led me away from Töplitz, to which I now return. The old castle on the Schlossberg, which constitutes so striking a feature in the landscape of Töplitz, is easily accessible to the pedestrian. Rising at four in the morning we reached the top in about an hour and a half, but the prospect is not extensive, as the intervening mountains are higher than the site of the ruins ; still Töplitz looked snug and tranquil, and its undulated environs verdant and lively. There is a fine view from a mountain on the opposite side of the town ; I think it is called Wachholderberg.

Over the entrance of the churchyard is the following inscription :

Was wir waren, das seyde ihr,
Was wir sind, das werdet ihr.

The sentiment is universal, and almost any country churchyard in England will furnish the translation :

What we were, that ye be,
What we are, that will be ye.

So in a bone-house at Evora in Portugal :

Nossos ossos aquí estamos,
Vossos ossos esperamos.

Here are our bones waiting for your bones.

And Mr. Roscoe* informs us, that in the age of Lorenzo de' Medici, among the representations at the Carnival, was produced a personification of the triumph of Death, on which occasion the dead addressed the following lines to the spectators :

Morti siam come vedete
Così morti vedrem voi,
Fummo già come voi siete,
Voi sarete come noi.

At Dux, a village a few miles distant from Töplitz, is the family chateau of the celebrated Wallenstein. It contains a good collection of ancient arms, and, among other curiosities, a fragment of the skull of him whose exploits, and intrigues, and barbarous assassination, impart so deep an interest to the history of the Thirty years' war. The story of the old chief, who presented his twenty-four sons, attended by an equal num-

* Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, vol. i. p. 365.

ber of squires, to Ottocar, forms the subject of a large picture in the hall of the castle.

The fine old estate of Doppelburg is also well worth a visit. It appears as wild, as if it had not been inhabited for several hundred years; and though the carriage-road should continue as execrable as we found it, still the pleasure of the excursion would counter-balance its fatigue to any one fond of such scenery. Numerous wild boars are kept in a paddock near the entrance of the park.

We again passed through Culm on our way to Dresden. The ascent of the Donnerberg occupies about an hour; but the view from the side of the hill, a short distance from the little church on the right hand, is magnificent.

‘I ask pardon for interrupting so much learning,’ said the Vicar of Wakefield to Mr. Jenkins, ‘but I think I have heard all this before;’ and as the reader must be familiar with whatever I could repeat in description of Dresden, I shall not subject

myself to Mr. Primrose's animadversion. Nevertheless, I would observe, that whoever desires to visit one of the most beautiful and agreeable capitals in Germany, surrounded by delightful environs, enjoying a fine climate, possessing good libraries and reading rooms, and a splendid and almost unequalled gallery of pictures, (where only, after Parma, is to be seen the genuine 'Corregiosity of Correggio',) should repair to Dresden. The comforts and luxuries which the middling classes and lower orders enjoy in Germany struck our attention, particularly in Saxony, when visiting the numerous places where the German resorts to enjoy retirement, in the company of twenty or thirty other persons. At the baths of Links, a singularly rural spot on the banks of the Elbe, though only three-quarters of a mile from the capital, I have seen tradesmen drinking wine and coffee, and their wives sipping ices in elegant arbours and galleries, while a band of musicians were executing

popular airs in a superior style. At no great distance might be remarked booths and cafés scarcely inferior in equipment, crowded with decently dressed artisans and common soldiers, indulging in excellent refreshments, and listening also to their music.

These people were none of them rich ; but they seemed to have enough for comfort. Among them could not be pointed out any confectioner or jeweller, who could give his daughter half a million, nor any buffoon who had retired upon fifty thousand pounds ; but the golden mediocrity kept all hearts cheerful and happy.

Such was the state of things as we saw it in 1830. Since then it has been disturbed by commotions, which no passing spectator could have anticipated in the smiling aspect of contentment which previously appeared to prevail. The King was not disliked ; but his religion, different from that of almost all his subjects, was a constant source of dissatisfaction, and furnished another proof

among many of the indispensability of the religion of the sovereign and of the people being the same*.

There are but few poor ; to them government give an allowance of from eight to twelve groschen each per week, and they are prohibited from begging ; but as this pittance is not sufficient for their subsistence, they are tacitly permitted to go round the city on a Saturday, and receive from each proprietor a trifle, which is as freely given as it is asked†. The inhabitants are also assessed for their maintenance, and a considerable merchant told me, that he paid twelve dollars per annum as his share of the contribution. The poor of Vienna are supported nearly upon the same principle.

The schoolmaster may indeed be said to

* When we were at Brussels, a respectable Catholic declared to us, that their King was an excellent Monarch, and beloved by his subjects ; but not loved *in their hearts*, because he was a Protestant.

† So much are these hebdomadal visits expected as a matter of course, that the money is kept ready on the counter for the applicants.

be abroad at Dresden, for he calls from house to house to inquire who desire his instruction, an offer which appears to be generally accepted. To exemplify the wide diffusion of education in Saxony, I may instance, that a respectable tradesman remarked to me, that in the Paris newspapers when a town was mentioned, the country in which it was situated was usually added ; but that in Dresden so much knowledge was presumed, that such explanation was considered to be superfluous.

The romantic village of Tharand lies about three leagues from Dresden, to which the high road of Freiburg leads through the beautiful tract of country denominated Plauenschegrund. We found very fair accommodation at the little inn called the German house, whence we took a guide to show us the river and walks among the mountains, the general aspect of which may be compared to Hackfall in Yorkshire. On our return, we visited Moreau's monument, which lies on the left of the road, and the field of battle

where he fell, leaving to posterity to judge whether he was a hero or a traitor.

We were highly gratified by a tour which we made into the Sächische Schweiz, or Saxon Switzerland, whose general character and beauties are so accurately depicted by Mr. Russell. Leaving Dresden at five o'clock on the morning of the 26th of May, we drove to Pilnitz, where we breakfasted. The royal palace there had no attractions to divert us an hour from the lovely scenery which was now inviting us. At the opening of the Liebenthal we alighted from our carriage, and walked about two hours through the valley to Lohmen, just before which we reached a mill called Lochmuhle, sunk deep in a gorge at the foot of perpendicular rocks, through which a torrent dashed; and having crossed the little stone bridge, and admired the wild beauties around it, we ascended by a staircase to the Castle of Lohmen. From this castle a platform hangs over the river, which flows by at a depth of seventy-six feet,

whence, according to an inscription in the wall, a young peasant fell while asleep, and, though severely injured, escaped with his life.

Here my companion and I separated, she proceeding in the carriage, I passing on foot through the Ottwoalden Grund, and what bears the tremendous name of the Hollows of Hell and the Devil's Ravine, to the little and great Bastey.

‘The Bastey,’ says Mr. Russell, ‘or Bastion, is the name given to one of the largest masses of rock which rise close by the river on the right bank : one narrow block on the very summit projects into the air. Perched on this, not on, but beyond the brink of the precipice, you command a prospect which, in its kind, is unique in Europe. You hover on the pinnacle at an elevation of more than eight hundred feet above the Elbe, which sweeps round the bottom of the precipice. Behind, and along the river, on the same bank, rise similar precipitous cliffs, cut and intersected like those already described.

‘ From the further bank the plain gradually
‘ elevates itself into an irregular amphi-
‘ theatre, terminated by a lofty but rounded
‘ range of mountains. The striking picture
‘ is, that in the bosom of this amphitheatre,
‘ a plain of the most varied beauty, huge
‘ columnar hills start up at once from the
‘ ground, at great distances from each other,
‘ overlooking, in lonely and solemn grandeur,
‘ each its own portion of the domain. They
‘ are monuments which the Elbe has left
‘ standing, to commemorate his triumph over
‘ their less hardy kindred. The most remark-
‘ able among them are the *Lilienstein* and
‘ *Königstein*, which tower nearly in the centre
‘ of the picture to a height of about twelve
‘ hundred feet above the level of the Elbe.
‘ They rise perpendicularly from a sloping
‘ base, formed of *debris*, and now covered
‘ with natural wood.’

From the Bastey we drove as far as the road would permit to Hochstein, a grey rock of five hundred feet high, whose surface of

one hundred and sixty paces long and sixty wide confronts the ruined fortress on a perpendicular cliff exactly opposite, looking like two giants defying each other to the combat. From the extreme point of Hochstein, which extends into a narrow tongue of rock, a very fine view is obtained, and the spectator rejoices in the security from which he can look down on the ravines and frightful precipices that surround him. Another isolated rock is joined by a wooden bridge of twenty-six feet in length, stretched over the yawning abyss. Delighted with what we had seen, we then rejoined our carriage, and drove to Schandau, where we took up our quarters for the night at the bath-house.

The next morning early, resuming our expedition from the beautiful village of Schandau, we drove about two leagues down the valley, till we reached the foot of the mountain, where we procured a chaise à porteur for Mrs. ———, and ascended, through a furious shower of rain, to the Kuhstall, an

enormous grotto of eighty feet high by seventy broad, which is supposed to have been used by the peasants in the 'Thirty years' war as a refuge for their cattle, whence its name of Kuhstall, or cow-stable, and where this persecuted race for ten years defied the pursuit of their enemies. From a wide opening in front we gazed with wonder across the valley, or rather gulf, below, waving with trees, to the abrupt rocks of the opposite mountain of Winterberg, and then descending into the valley, and mounting to the little and great Winterberg, we came, almost satiated with sublime prospects, to the Prebischthor*. The Prebischthor is an immense natural excavation of nearly one hundred and twenty feet in height and in extent, which from the top commands a view surpassing any in this district for singular and majestic beauty. The Sächsische Schweiz may here be said to

* Even in this secluded spot coffee, milk, and other materials for breakfast, may be procured at a café, established here for the season.

terminate, but the enjoyment of the day had not ceased: we descended by shady paths, and following the course of the brook Kemnitz, to the village of Hirniskretschen, occupying a delightful site on the Elbe, we embarked in a boat which we had previously secured, and dropped down the river to Schandau.

The chief part of the Sächsische Schweiz belongs to the proprietor of Töplitz, who, as well as the government, pays great attention to the preservation of the numerous objects of curiosity, and to rendering them accessible to visitors, from whom nothing is demanded but their admiration, which it is impossible to withhold. On our return to Dresden, we breakfasted at Königstein, in the faint hope of being allowed to see the castle, which is said never to have been taken. In the 'Thirty years' war it was threatened neither by Austrians nor Swedes; in the 'Seven years' war it remained neuter; and in 1813, though garrisoned by Saxons, the allies

allowed it the same privilege ; but we were obliged to satisfy ourselves with a view of it from an opposite mountain.

We determined to devote a few hours to Meissen, in order to see the manufactory of porcelain, according to the Germans the most ancient in Europe ; but it being a holiday, we were compelled to content ourselves with inspecting the collection of specimens already arranged to attract strangers. Nevertheless, Meissen has something more substantial to exhibit than its crockery. The town hangs over the Elbe, in all the pride of antique grandeur. From its ruined castle, now allotted to the ignoble purpose of the manufactory of porcelain, established by Böttger in 1702, is an extensive and beautiful prospect ; and its grey cathedral, founded in the tenth century, and considered a masterpiece of Gothic architecture, contains pictures of Cranach and Durer, and not only the ‘ porcelain clay’ of ten princes or electors,

but the fragments of the old potter himself.

Everybody must desire to go to Leipsic after seeing Colonel Batty's drawing of the old town-house ; but the picture, though like, is superior to the original ; and, after viewing the several fields of battle from the observatory, the only part of the Castle of Plessenberg worth notice, wondering how Prince Poniatowsky could be drowned in such a ditch as the Elster, making the usual pilgrimage to Lutzen, and visiting a few booksellers' shops, Leipsic and its environs are disposed of. By the by, the ordinary water of Leipsic is injurious to strangers, who should send for a supply to a particular well at the entrance of the town, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten. We prevailed upon one of the servants to procure us some ; but he was detected, like the miser in the old Spanish play*, increasing the quantity by adulterating

* ' El inventó aguar el agua ;

Porque á una carga, que compra

it with the noxious liquid of which we had complained.

Shortly after leaving Leipsic we were examined at the custom-house on the Prussian frontier. Here we were detained nearly half an hour, it being in the night, but were treated with civility ; and on receiving permission to depart, I offered the private soldier in attendance a small remuneration for his good conduct, which he declined, saying his king paid him amply, and that he could not take a reward from a stranger for obeying his commands. Such instances of uprightness are not uncommon in Prussia.

No Protestant can enter Wittenberg, the Saxon Mecca, without feelings of interest, which are strengthened by the deserted appearance of the town, and raised to reverence

De la fuente de año á año,
Añade del pozo otra,
Y aun le va echando calderos,
Segun gasta, de tal forma
Que de San Juan á San Juan
Dura, y aun la mitad sobra.¹

El Castigo de la Miseria, de Don Juan de Hoz, Jor. 1, 1626.

as he is confronted with the bronze statue of Luther recently erected in the market-place. The little cathedral where he is buried, the university where he lived and studied, the town-house where his portrait by Lucas Cranach is preserved, all lie contiguous to each other, and may be visited in the course of a morning. Melancthon's house is distinguished by the following inscription :—

‘ Hier wohnte, lehnte, und staib Melancthon.’

(Here Melancthon lived, taught, and died.)

There were two painters of the name of Cranach, father and son ; nearly four hundred portraits are attributed to the former, and nineteen to the latter.

By travelling at night through an uninteresting country, a great deal of time is saved. The road from Wittenberg to Potsdam belongs to this description. We left Wittenberg at eight o'clock in the evening of the 8th of June, and reached Potsdam at four next morning ; thus we had the whole day before us to see a city which still breathes of Frede-

rick the Great, and whose sights, described in every book of travels for these last fifty years, may be completely viewed in two days. Should any stranger be surprised at the gorgeous appearance of the houses in the principal streets, he should be informed, that though the interior be the property of individuals, the façade belongs to the crown, which thus secures under its own care the ornamental part of the city.

The entrance into Berlin by the Brandenburg gate filled us, like everybody else, with admiration, and excited, at the same time, a regretful contrast of our own inadequate gateway into Hyde Park, and its opposite unmeaning, disproportioned neighbour, with this magnificent portal.

After the excellent dissertation of Mr. Russell, and the minute descriptions of other authors, it would be idle to expatiate on the curiosities or attractions of Berlin. The examination of these and illness detained us there nearly a fortnight, during which we had

the good fortune to form some agreeable and intelligent acquaintance. Berlin, however, is in the main a dull city, to whose streets even a garrison of thirty thousand men cannot impart an air of cheerfulness. The environs are flat, sandy, and desolate, and offer no pleasant expedition, excepting Charlottenberg, as an escape from the tediousness of the capital. Through the influence of our friends we obtained access to the new museum, which had not then been formally opened to the public ; but the pictures in the gallery, which constitute the principal part of the collection, appeared but mediocre, and being highly varnished and polished up without exception, old and modern, they presented a garish and artificial brilliancy which repulsed persons recently arrived from Munich and Dresden. The Egyptian antiquities at Mon Bijou are far more interesting ; they are comprised in two collections—one, which was purchased from Passalacqua, cost the government one hundred thousand francs ; and the smaller one

of Baron Minutoli, twenty-two thousand Prussian crowns. It is remarkable that the interior of the two beautiful churches which adorn the Place d'Armes should be appropriated to offices, while divine service is performed in a shabby room, or chapel, adjoining. I add, with regret, that these structures, which are great embellishments to the city, appear to be neglected and falling into decay.

In the course of a visit to a literary institution, I took the opportunity of asking two *savans* what was the origin of the question always used at the coronation of the King of the Romans—‘Ist da kein d’Alberg hier?’ They both gave at first a different solution, but in the end agreed that it was an inquiry by the king whether any of the family of D’Alberg were present, each member of which had the privilege of being knighted at that ceremony.

Perhaps this will be the best place I can select for the insertion of a few interesting particulars relative to some of the eminent

personages on the Continent who occupied so prominent a station during the eventful period which was terminated by the defeat of the French at Waterloo. They were imparted by a gentleman on whose veracity I have the highest reliance, and who, from his connexions, possessed the best means of obtaining, from authentic and indisputable sources, the information which he has kindly authorized me to transfer to the following pages.

During the negotiations at Tilsit my informant resided for a short time with Field-Marshal Kalkreuth, who conducted the diplomatic arrangements on the part of Prussia, and whose quarters being exactly opposite to the dwelling of Napoleon, he had an opportunity of hearing and seeing a great deal, which he did not neglect.

It was said that when Bonaparte arrived at Tilsit he immediately sent for the landlord of the house, which was the same the Emperor Alexander had occupied, and desired

him to describe minutely how the Russian Emperor had employed his time from his rising in the morning until he retired to rest at night. After learning the details of the day's occupation, which represented Alexander as being studiously attentive to the niceties of his dress, Napoleon dismissed the landlord, exclaiming, 'Alors je le connois.' At their subsequent meeting on the raft, Bonaparte, on advancing to Alexander, turned to his retinue, saying, loud enough to be heard by the Russian, 'Ah! qu'il est beau!' By this, it was asserted, he gained Alexander at once. The two sovereigns, having been joined by the King of Prussia, rode out together, mounting from Napoleon's residence. Napoleon was first on horseback, and immediately rode slowly on, without waiting for the other two monarchs. Alexander mounted quickly, and followed. Riding on the side of Napoleon, he appeared to take great pains, by conversing with Bonaparte, to secure his attention, while the latter kept

his eyes fixed straightforward, answering only in monosyllables. Bonaparte evidently did this with the view of imposing on the spectators. When alone, however, he flattered Alexander greatly. At setting out on the ride, neither of them took any notice of the King of Prussia, who treated both with equal indifference.

Napoleon was very desirous that the Queen of Prussia should repair to Tilsit, as her presence would be flattering to his pride. This wish was repeatedly mentioned to Marshal Kalkreuth, who conducted the negociations on the part of Prussia ; and it being even insinuated that the Queen's compliance might have a favourable effect on them, she at length reluctantly consented. On landing from the ferry, it was evident that she with difficulty repressed her tears. After receiving a formal visit from Napoleon at the King's quarters, she went to dine with him. Bonaparte handed her out of the carriage ; and after dinner, he placed himself with the Queen at

one of the windows towards the street. Encouraged by his smiles, she seemed, after some conversation, to gain confidence, and appeared as if speaking cordially to him on some subject relating to her own country, when Napoleon suddenly assumed an erect and haughty attitude, and employed vehement gesticulations. The fact was, the poor Queen, thinking Napoleon was in good humour, had availed herself of the opportunity gently to reproach him for his severity towards Prussia, and was abruptly checked.

Bonaparte was better informed on matters regarding the Prussian court than Marshal Kalkreuth himself. Kalkreuth frequently heard from him or his adherents how the court was living at Memel; and when the Queen's visit to Tilsit was one day the subject of conversation, he expressed to Kalkreuth the hope that the journey, and the passage of the river, would not be injurious to her, as she was likely to increase her family. This proved to be the case; but

neither Kalkreuth nor any of those around him knew it at the time.

Blücher's statue occupies a conspicuous station opposite the arsenal in Berlin, the parade in front of which is ornamented by statues erected to Bülow and Schurnhorst; but I do not recollect that a similar honour has yet been paid to General Gneisenau, to whom Prussia is far more deeply indebted than to Blücher. Blücher, though 'a bold dragoon,' would not have been able to cope with the great generals of France, had he not possessed enlightened coadjutors, who framed plans for him, and directed the more important movements of the army.

In 1809, when France and Austria were at war, many Prussian patriots used their utmost endeavours to induce the King to join Austria, and to encourage and guide the spirit of the country, which was ready to break forth. There is not the slightest doubt that if Lord Chatham's expedition had gone to the north of Germany instead of Wal-

cheren, it would speedily have been joined by a large force. In the summer of the above year, a German officer who has since greatly distinguished himself, and attained high rank, presented a memoir to a British statesman, showing what might be done by Germany against France. It was intended that Prussia should take the lead in the combined operations, and Blücher was to command because he was brave in the extreme, and had gained the full confidence of the soldiers by his undaunted courage and strong natural eloquence ; and because, though not capable of forming a comprehensive military plan, he was well able to judge of it, and particularly fit to execute it, while he allowed himself to be guided by those in whom he placed confidence. Sometimes, however, as will be shown in the sequel, he extended this confidence too widely. With advertence to these qualifications, his friend General Schurnhorst was proposed to be second in command, and Gneisenau (then colonel) to be

third, as the friend of both. In 1813, when Prussia took part against France, the command of the main army was exactly so arranged. Perhaps, however, Blücher's best quality, as my informant was assured by one who stood in near relation to him, was that he always acted as he thought best when left to himself, without over anxiously considering what might be the wishes of the allied monarchs, a deference by which valuable opportunities of action might have been lost.

On the death of General Schurnhorst during the six weeks armistice, General Gneisenau succeeded to his post, and directed all the affairs of the army. Indeed, it is well known in Prussia that Gneisenau was the real commander in chief, a truth which Blücher used on all occasions frankly to acknowledge. For instance, at a public entertainment given to him at Berlin, on his health being drunk, he requested permission to propose a toast, and observed, that as the

company had honoured him by drinking to the welfare of his body, he would now ask them to drink to that of his soul——
Gneisenau !

The present King of Bavaria, in a poem lately published on the heroes of Germany, recognizes the superior merit of Gneisenau :

Gneisenau hatt' es weise vorbereitet,
Hatte die Bewegungen geleitet,
Die zu Blüchers Siegeslauf geführt ;
Mögen schimmernder gleich andere glänzen,
Wurd'ger keinen wird der Ruhm bekränzen ;
Truer Dank dem Trefflichen gebührt.

‘ Gneisenau wisely made the plans, and conducted the movements which led to Blücher’s triumphant career ; though others may shine with more glitter, Fame will crown none more deserving.—Sincere thanks are due to the worthy.’

Though Gneisenau’s merits are not so well known in England as the exploits of Blücher, yet on the continent his fame is identified with that of his great coadjutor, and he is recognized as the head, as Blücher was the arm of the Prussian military operations.

My informant, adverting to the share taken by Prussia in the last contest with France

not being duly appreciated, discussed the subject at considerable length, and as he assured me that the following particulars relating to those operations were from the best and most irrefragable authority, I shall venture to insert them in his own words, in the hope that they may not prove uninteresting, especially to military readers :—

‘ After the peace of Tilsit every preparation was made by General Schurnhorst (a Hanoverian) minister of war, in the prospect of fresh hostilities. The number of troops to be maintained by Prussia was limited by that treaty : but these were kept only one year in service, and were continually replaced by others, while great stores of arms and ammunition were collected, so that a powerful army could soon be brought into the field, well provided with every thing necessary. Gneisenau assisted in all this, and all was done so quietly as not to attract much notice. The public spirit was every where

‘ patriotic, and was duly prepared for future
‘ events. He was looked up to generally as
‘ leader, (though he was no ways connected
‘ with any political association), and having
‘ retired from the military service, he was
‘ less an object of suspicion than he might
‘ otherwise have been, though not free from
‘ it. He was also employed privately (Prince
‘ Hardenberg was his friend) for the Prussian
‘ government, in countries having the same
‘ interest with Prussia.

‘ When the King declared against France,
‘ in 1813, he was thus enabled to bring a
‘ powerful army into the field, and a good
‘ understanding prevailed with the friendly
‘ powers. Though the commencement of the
‘ campaign was not quite favourable to the
‘ Prussian arms, yet Gneisenau wrote to a
‘ friend, during the six weeks’ armistice, that
‘ he had acquired the confidence that the
‘ Prussians were able to beat the French in
‘ equal numbers. The victory on the Katz-

‘bach proved his judgment to be correct, and
‘the consequences of that success were, per-
‘haps, still more important. I have been
‘informed from an excellent channel that the
‘annihilation of Van Damm’s corps was a
‘result of that victory. Macdonald, after his
‘defeat, partly perhaps owing to his army
‘having been separated by the flood in the
‘rivers, reported his loss to Napoleon as
‘greater than it actually was. Van Damm had
‘been despatched towards Bohemia, and the
‘young guards were to follow him. He then
‘marched confidently on, when, quite unex-
‘pectedly, the Prussian corps of General Kleist
‘appeared in his rear. Bonaparte had, upon
‘receiving Macdonald’s despatch, ordered
‘the young guards to his assistance, and he
‘either omitted to give Van Damm notice
‘of this, or expected that corps (the Guards)
‘would return in time. Blücher, however,
‘fell back, when these troops approached,
‘but immediately moved forward again upon
‘their retiring, and thus kept them in play

‘ till Van Damm’s fate was decided. Pro-
‘ bably Napoleon had thought it impossible
‘ for Kleist to march through the mountains
‘ by the route he took, and indeed this
‘ opinion was general. But the chief of
‘ Kleist’s staff, Grollman, (now Lieutenant-
‘ General, an officer alike distinguished for
‘ military knowledge, as for talent and a
‘ bold, decisive character,) recollected having
‘ read of a path in the neighbourhood, in the
‘ Seven Years’ war. A peasant was found
‘ out who knew the path, and by it the corps
‘ of Kleist marched. A Polish cavalry officer,
‘ whose regiment was with Van Damm, told
‘ me, some years after, that they were all
‘ astounded when they perceived the Prussian
‘ troops coming through the mountains.

‘ The victory of Leipsic followed, to which
‘ the Prussians contributed most materially.
‘ The allied armies reached the Rhine to-
‘ wards the end of October, or early in No-
‘ vember, 1813. Blücher had arrived on the
‘ Lower Rhine in the view to cross the river

‘ and march towards Maestricht and Antwerp,
‘ when he was recalled to form the blockade
‘ of Cassel. It was expected he would be
‘ able to take Antwerp by a *coup de main*,
‘ when the fleet and stores would have
‘ fallen into his hands. But he was not
‘ listened to. Upon the plan, however,
‘ being communicated to Lord Castlereagh,
‘ he declared in favour of it, and offered to
‘ purchase the fleet and naval stores, the
‘ money to be divided among the troops at
‘ the same rates as in the British service.
‘ But the opportunity had gone by. Carnot
‘ had arrived at Antwerp, and the works
‘ were soon made defensible against an irre-
‘ gular attack.

‘ I had a letter from a Prussian officer of
‘ high rank from Höchst, near Frankfort on
‘ the Main, dated the 17th of December
‘ (1813), where he says, “ We have been
‘ seven long weeks here without undertaking
‘ any thing, while Napoleon is most active
‘ in organizing his forces and his country.

‘ We have, therefore, much still to do, if we
‘ even begin now to bestir ourselves. Much
‘ valuable time has been lost ; we have learnt
‘ how to gain victories, but not to profit by
‘ them.” The same officer wrote later, that
‘ the allied armies might have been at
‘ Christmas in Paris, had it not been for the
‘ diplomatists placing more confidence in the
‘ pen than in the sword.

‘ Blücher, ever bent upon advancing, in
‘ the middle of January (1814) again pressed
‘ the marching to Paris, and proposed, through
‘ Baron Stein, who accompanied the Emperor
‘ of Russia, that the Prussians and Russians
‘ should move on alone, leaving the Austrians
‘ to themselves. The Emperor Alexander
‘ supported the proposal, but he relinquished
‘ it, as the opposition was so great, and it
‘ was said it would tend to dissolve the
‘ coalition.

‘ Soon afterwards, however, offensive opera-
‘ tions were begun. On the 2nd of February
‘ the generals assembled at the Castle of

‘ Brienne, when it was agreed upon that the
‘ grand army, 140,000 strong, should march
‘ direct upon Paris, and that Blücher’s army
‘ should move on thither, by a circuitous route,
‘ along the course of the Marne, pursuing the
‘ French corps opposed to it. The Russian
‘ General Seslawin was appointed to maintain
‘ the communication between the two armies.
‘ Blücher marched confidently onward, when
‘ eight or ten days afterwards he was un-
‘ expectedly attacked by Bonaparte, and
‘ his army nearly cut off. In these eight
‘ or ten days the grand army had not ad-
‘ vanced beyond the line of the Seine, and the
‘ corps of Seslawin had been withdrawn to
‘ make a movement southward. Neither of
‘ these circumstances was communicated to
‘ Blücher, or the intelligence did not reach
‘ him. Blücher extricated himself from his
‘ perilous situation, though with great loss*,

* ‘ On the evening of the day when the army was out of danger,
‘ the officers of the staff assembled, all quite downcast, Blücher not
‘ excepted, so narrow had been the escape, and so little had the pos-

‘ and four days afterwards he recommenced
 ‘ offensive operations to assist the grand
 ‘ army, which had left him in the lurch, and
 ‘ against which Napoleon had speedily turned
 ‘ with his whole force *.

‘ The panic in the grand army was
 ‘ great, on being thus vigorously attacked.
 ‘ Blücher had advanced to Mery on the
 ‘ Seine, thus checking that movement. He
 ‘ had applied for and got permission to
 ‘ operate on the flank and rear of the French

‘ sibility of such an attack by Napoleon been contemplated, no one
 ‘ supposing the Austrians could have remained entirely inactive, and
 ‘ left the Prussians quite exposed. Gneisenau used every argument
 ‘ to restore confidence among the officers; and telling them it was
 ‘ more necessary to keep up our spirits in bad fortune than in good,
 ‘ he ordered champaign, so that all were soon as gay as if they had
 ‘ gained a victory. Blücher some time after, speaking with Gneise-
 ‘ sau of this eventful evening, said, “ he never would forget the
 ‘ obligation he owed him for having dispersed the gloom which,
 ‘ on that occasion, had hung on his mind.” ’

* ‘ Previous to this success of Bonaparte, he had lost all hopes,
 ‘ as appeared from an intercepted letter from Queen Hortensia.
 ‘ *The cause of the grand army not advancing was afterwards known*
 ‘ *to be, that Prince Schwarzenberg had, after the battle of Brienne,*
 ‘ *received private instructions from his sovereign not to pass the line*
 ‘ *of the Seine, as it was intended to treat for peace.*’

‘ army, but which was recalled, and orders
‘ were sent that he should join the grand
‘ army, and with it retreat to Langres, which
‘ would have been ruinous to both armies and
‘ to the cause. Blücher alone had defeated
‘ the French army at Brienne and La Ro-
‘ thiére; and now he, with the grand army
‘ 140,000 strong, was to retreat! In this dis-
‘ tressing situation Gneisenau recommended
‘ him to write with his own hand to the
‘ Emperor Alexander, stating the objections to
‘ this retrograde movement, thinking it would
‘ have a better effect than if a regular me-
‘ morial was sent on the subject, for the old
‘ hero was a favourite of Alexander, who
‘ would the more feel that Blücher was in
‘ earnest, as he would know that the letter
‘ must have cost him, who was no penman,
‘ no small exertion. His letter was as follows,
‘ short and pithy, but replete with ortho-
‘ graphical and grammatical faults :

Colonel Grollman brings me intelligence that the grand army intends making a retrograde movement.

I feel bound, most humbly, to represent to your Imperial Majesty the inevitable, detrimental consequences of this.

I. The whole French nation will rise in arms; that part of it which has shown itself favourable to the good cause will suffer.

II. Our victorious army will be disheartened.

III. We shall come by retrograde movements into parts where our troops will suffer from want, and the inhabitants will be driven to despair, by the loss of the little that remains to them.

IV. The Emperor of France will recover from the consternation we have thrown him into by advancing, and will gain his nation to his interest.

I most humbly thank your Imperial Majesty for having permitted me to assume the offensive*. I can promise myself every thing good from this; if your Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct that the corps of General Wintzingrode and Bülow be placed under my orders. United with them I will push on to

* ‘The seeming inconsistency of this sentence with the object of the letter, as stated at the commencement of it, may be removed by adding the word “before,” and reading, “for having before permitted me, &c.,” and by indulgently considering that Blücher was not much accustomed to put his thoughts on paper, as he was still less accustomed to make a copy of what he wrote, he may easily have omitted the word “before” in the copy of his letter to the emperor, made by himself at the desire and for the use of a military friend, and from which this translation has been made. Blücher had actually got permission to act offensively, but which had been withdrawn, and the retreat ordered; hence the letter.’

Paris; I fear neither the Emperor Napoleon nor his marshals, should they oppose me. Please your Imperial Majesty to accept the assurance, that I shall feel happy at the head of the army entrusted to me, to fulfil the orders and wishes of your Imperial Majesty.

G. BLÜCHER.

MERY, *the 22d February, 1814.*

‘ In consequence of this letter Blücher
‘ received permission to separate from the
‘ grand army, and to make the proposed
‘ movement on the flank and in the rear of
‘ the enemy. Immediately upon the per-
‘ mission arriving, though night had set in,
‘ he separated his force; by daybreak crossed
‘ the Aube, on a bridge established during
‘ the night, and presently came in collision
‘ with the out-posts of Marshal Marmont.
‘ At this juncture Blücher again received
‘ orders to join the grand army, but which
‘ could not then be complied with. The
‘ effects of this movement of Blücher were,
‘ that Bonaparte instantly turned round upon
‘ him, and incessantly attacked his rear, as
‘ he avoided a general battle; that the grand
‘ army was disengaged, and assumed the

‘ offensive ; that the corps of Generals Wint-
‘ zingrode and Bülow, stationed at Soissons,
‘ were placed under Blücher’s command ; and
‘ that both armies marched on to Paris : this
‘ city was taken, and Napoleon dethroned.’

So much has been written on the events which, in 1815, preceded the battle of Waterloo, that the public curiosity on those points must be nearly exhausted : besides, not possessing myself an intimate acquaintance with these discussions, I am apprehensive of obtruding upon my readers details with which they may be already familiar ; relying, however, upon the intimation of my kind informant, ‘ that the particulars which he has
‘ communicated regarding the Prussian campaign of 1815 are little known,’ I venture to draw somewhat further on their patience.

The loss of the battle of Ligny is explained in the following manner :—

‘ The Prussians suffered severely at Ligny.
‘ Blücher gave battle there, reckoning upon
‘ support from the British army, but principally upon General Bülow coming up in

‘ time with his corps. Bülow had with diffi-
‘ culty obtained permission to distribute part
‘ of his troops in cantonments, rather too
‘ distant, the more easily to provide sub-
‘ sistence, particularly for the horses ; but he
‘ was especially directed to be in readiness to
‘ advance on a moment’s notice. Upon the
‘ French commencing hostilities against the
‘ Prussians, orders were sent to Bülow, then
‘ at Liege, to remove his head-quarters to
‘ Hannut, and collect his troops. Shortly
‘ after, when Blücher resolved to give battle at
‘ Ligny, he again sent instructions to Bülow to
‘ advance ; and, not doubting the latter would
‘ be at Hannut, the orders were forwarded
‘ only by a common orderly, who had no di-
‘ rections to seek for Bülow, if not there. An
‘ officer was sent in search of him ; but it was
‘ too late for Bülow to bring up his troops in
‘ time. It has been said, that the man de-
‘ spatched with these orders from Blücher
‘ ought to have been directed to seek Bülow
‘ if not at Hannut ; but to this it has been

‘ replied, that there could be no reason for
‘ supposing Bülow’s head-quarters would not
‘ be at Hannut, as he had previously been
‘ positively directed to hold himself in readi-
‘ ness to march the moment orders were sent
‘ to him to do so. On the part of Bülow it has
‘ been observed, that he did not immediately
‘ remove to Hannut, not supposing Blücher
‘ would give battle at Ligny, such intention
‘ not having been communicated to him.
‘ However, Bülow himself felt strongly how
‘ much he had been to blame, and expressed
‘ himself so to Blücher; but as he had ex-
‘ erted himself greatly to come up with the
‘ main army, on its advancing to Waterloo,
‘ and as things had taken so favourable a
‘ turn, the matter was passed over in silence.

‘ Had Bülow come up in time, there was
‘ ground for believing that Blücher would
‘ have completely defeated the French at
‘ Ligny, and driven them into the marshes of
‘ the Sambre. Even without the assistance of
‘ Bülow’s corps, the French would have been

‘ repelled by the Prussians, but for a cir-
‘ cumstance which materially disconcerted
‘ the plan of defence. The French centre
‘ had been almost annihilated by repeated
‘ attacks on the Prussians. Napoleon came
‘ up, and ordered another attack ; but the
‘ commander of the centre said it was im-
‘ possible, the loss having been so great.
‘ Bonaparte then, as a last attempt, marched
‘ with the troops under him to turn the
‘ Prussian right wing. Upon this being
‘ perceived, some of the officers of the staff
‘ probably proposed to Blücher to march
‘ with the reserve to its support. Nothing
‘ on the subject was said to Gneisenau,
‘ who conducted the movements, and always
‘ kept close to Blücher, that unity might
‘ be maintained. When Blücher was rid-
‘ ing off, Gneisenau begged him to wait a
‘ few moments, that he might accompany
‘ him ; but Blücher told him he would soon
‘ return and would do nothing. He must,
‘ however, afterwards have had reason to be

‘ apprehensive for the safety of the right
‘ wing, and carried the reserve to its assist-
‘ ance. Gneisenau received no notice of this
‘ movement. Upon Napoleon observing it,
‘ he turned round, attacked again the Prussian
‘ centre, now unsupported, and gained the
‘ day.’

My friend, after dwelling on the effect which the appearance of the Prussians at the close of the battle of Waterloo had of animating the British, and dispiriting the French, observes, ‘ Grouchy has been blamed
‘ for not pressing Blücher so hard as to pre-
‘ vent, or at least retard his march to Water-
‘ loo. A circumstance in itself trifling was
‘ in a great measure the cause of this. The
‘ Prussians had halted early in the forenoon
‘ with the intention to take a meal. The
‘ French halted also, and prepared to do the
‘ same. Upon this being perceived by the
‘ Prussian general, the army was immediately
‘ put in motion again, leaving General Thiel-
‘ man’s corps to amuse Grouchy ; and the

‘ground favouring the march of the Prussian
‘main army, it was soon out of sight, so that
‘Grouchy when ready to resume the pursuit,
‘did not know which way to follow.’

After the battle of Waterloo, Gneisenau, *
to cause an agreeable surprise to the King,
sent him the dispatch announcing the event
under Napoleon’s private seal, which his
Majesty broke in trepidation, concluding that
Blücher had been taken prisoner.

It is said, that General Grollman has been
authoritatively appointed to write the history
of these campaigns. If so, and the work is
executed, it will be a most valuable addition
to military history, the General being con-
sidered admirably calculated for the task
assigned to him.

* Field-Marshal Gneisenau, though now in his seventy-first
year, is fresh and hale. He is at present at Posen, where he has
the command of four corps d’armée, 120,000 strong, and of all the
military resources of Silesia, Posen, Pomerania, East and West
Prussia, and Prussian Lithuania.

FINDING that it was still so early in the season, we determined to extend our travels into Russia ; and, after a fruitless attempt to procure at Berlin a courier who could speak Russian, we were under the necessity of setting out with only our Neapolitan attendant, and taking our chance of picking up an occasional interpreter, an expedient which exposed us to frequent embarrassment ; and I avail myself of this opportunity earnestly to exhort those who travel in Germany to engage a German courier as essential to their comfort and protection from imposition. It is quite a mistake to suppose that French will ‘ carry you through : ’ except at an hotel in a large city, it will frequently be found that that tongue is unknown. A knowledge of the languages of Poland and Russia is still more essential in those wilder and less civilized countries ; of this ample proofs will be afforded in the subsequent narrative.

Leaving Berlin on the 19th of June, we directed our course to Dantzic, dining the first day at Münchberg. The landlord, who spoke French, and had been in England, remarked, that the expectations of all classes were much higher there than in Germany, where persons being willing to put up with inferior articles, and being more moderate in their wants, could subsist on a little. ‘ Here,’ said he, ‘ if anything is excellent it is English. ‘ A pair of boots in England will cost twelve ‘ dollars ; but they can be had in our country ‘ for two and a half, and good enough for us ; ’ to which humble sentiment a young Prussian officer who was present offered no contradiction.

Previously to quitting Berlin we despatched our heavy baggage to Hamburg by water, not only to lighten our carriage—a necessary consideration to those who think of travelling in Russia and Sweden—but to make room for articles of living which could not be procured on the road. It would save travellers

much trouble and anxiety respecting accommodation, could they reconcile themselves generally to sleep in their carriage. If the road was uninteresting we continued to travel all night; if otherwise, we rested till daylight re-appeared; but being summer, and in the northern regions, it seldom continued dark for many hours. The habit of sleeping in our carriage was called into practice on this road, as the inns at Baltz, Waldenberg, and Deutch-Krone did not offer much inducement to pass the night. We dined on the 20th comfortably at Jastrow. At Stargard, which we reached on the 21st, in the daytime, clean lodgings might have been procured, but it was not worth while to stop before Dantzic, where we arrived the same day at a quarter past three.

The memoirs of Count Rapp had made Dantzic an object of curiosity to us, and a motive for deviating from the direct route to St. Petersburg; yet there is nothing in the locality of the town to compensate for delay,

though we were enabled, by the kindness of the British Consul, to take a drive round the harbour and the environs of the city, which are rural and agreeable. The fortifications may interest a military man, and the grotesque old buildings may be remarkable to foreigners just entering Germany; but the only true object of curiosity is the cathedral, which contains the celebrated picture of the 'Last Judgment,' called, for distinction, 'Das Dantzige Bild.' Numerous as are the pictures on this awful subject, which has occupied the skill of the greatest masters, I must avow, though my taste may be severely impugned, that not one—not even the sublime compositions of Michael Angelo and Rubens—made the deep impression upon me which I derived from the contemplation of this powerful and heart-stirring work.

The Saviour, borne on a rainbow, is represented as coming in his glory to judge the world. Angels hover over his head; the Apostles are ranged behind him; and at his

feet stand the Virgin Mary and John the Baptist, in the attitude of adoration. Just below are angels, announcing to mankind the advent of the great assize. The eye then descends to the earth, where the tremendous sensation created by the summons forms the principal and most exquisite features of the picture.

The archangel Michael, whose figure is invested with every attribute of brilliancy and dignity, has poised the scales of Divine justice ; in one of them is seen a just spirit, while the other rises on high with an unrighteous soul, which has already become the prey of a demon.

The graves are giving up their dead, who range themselves on the right or the left hand, according to the bliss or misery of their doom. The group of the angel and devil* contend-

* In the twenty-seventh chapter of the *Inferno* a similar contest is represented between St. Francis and a devil, but with a contrary result, the saint being compelled to yield to the 'logic' of his fiendish opponent, and to abandon the miserable object of their strife.

ing for the possession of a soul excites the most painful emotion : but the suspense caused by the struggle is momentary ; for the beholder is convinced that the angelic combatant must be victorious, and the imagination is relieved by that soothing contemplation.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the masterly and terrific delineation of the misery of the condemned, who are represented in all the appalling variety of terror, anguish, self-reproach, fury, and despair. Happiness, however, does not admit of the same diversity of expression ; and, conse-

‘ Francesco venne poi, com’ io fui morto,
Per me ; ma un de’ neri Cherubini
Gli disse : nol portar ; non mi far torto.

Venir se ne dee giù tra’ miei meschini,
Perchè diede ’l consiglio frodolente,
Dal quale in qua stato gli sono a’ crini :

Ch’ assolver non si può chi non si pente ;
Nè pentere e volere insieme puossi,
Per la contraddizion che nol consente.

O me dolente, come mi riscossi,
Quando mi prese, dicendomi : forse
Tu non pensavi ch’ io loico fossi !’

quently, the souls of the redeemed are seen entering the portals of Paradise, their countenances all bearing the same common mark of chastened exultation. There are no shades and degrees of delight : their joy is single, and scarcely impassioned ; only one calm uniformity of blessedness.

The above scenes are represented on the principal compartments of the picture ; but it has a shutter on each side, whence it is technically called a tabernacle. On the left the fiery gulf is depicted, with its ordinary dreadful accompaniments : the right represents the entrance of the redeemed into heaven.

Though the picture is authoritatively ascribed to Von Eyck, the Dantzickers doubt the fact, and quote a report that a painter of Utrecht drew the design, and executed a portion of the work with his scholars, which was afterwards finished by either John or George Von Eyck. It was originally done for the Pope, but was intercepted on its way to

Rome by Pirates, from whom it was rescued by a vessel from Dantzic, and appropriated to the embellishment of its cathedral. Monarchs have competed for its possession: the Emperor Rodolph offered forty thousand florins for it; an Elector of Saxony twenty-four thousand dollars; and Peter the Great solicited it from the city in vain. The picture travelled, however, to France, in 1807; but having been regained, the King of Prussia wished to retain it at Berlin, and, as a compensation, offered forty thousand dollars, but yielded to the pressing instances of its rightful owners for its restoration. This act of royal self-denial, or rather common justice, is gratefully commemorated by an inscription on the picture.

While we were making inquiries with regard to the route to St. Petersburg by Königsberg, we were introduced to four Polish merchants, who had repaired to Dantzic from Lublen on a speculation of corn (one of them had sold eight thousand quar-

ters, on which he expected to realise a profit of 6000*l.*.) These gentlemen very naturally expatiated on the advantages of seeing Warsaw; and, from their information, we collected that the journey through Poland to Moscow might be effected without difficulty. We had only required such assurance to induce us to undertake an expedition which was to lead us among the most interesting scenes of the French campaign and retreat, and over a vast tract of country seldom traversed for recreation. Those persons whom we had consulted on the subject at Berlin had discouraged our going directly from thence to Warsaw, on account of the badness of the roads, which now appeared to be an erroneous assumption.

This new determination being made, and having in vain endeavoured to procure an interpreter, we set out on the 23d of June, relying on our frail resources of French and German, and reached Marienberg about two. The Prince Royal being expected, the castle

was closed against strangers, but a letter of introduction which we had obtained to an influential person in his suite removed the difficulty. The Government has shown good taste in repairing this ancient seat of the Teutonic Knights, and restoring, as far as possible, the remains of its architectural beauty.

We were aware that, after quitting Marienberg, we should frequently experience a deficiency of comforts on the road: we accordingly provided ourselves at Berlin with a small canteen, containing a kettle, &c., and laid in a stock of tea, sugar, biscuits, and other necessaries. Robinson Crusoe himself could not have found his kettle more indispensable; for it was an article we never met with at the post-houses, and the possession of it saved us a vast deal of time and annoyance.

We left Marienberg at four o'clock, and reached Reisenberg with the same horses a little before nine, having traversed an unin-

teresting country and a bad, heavy, jolting road, which lasted, with only occasional improvement, till we arrived at Pultusk, where we came upon the chaussée.

After leaving Malawa, three stages before Pultusk, the distinct road suddenly terminated at the entrance of a wood: the Prussian jurisdiction had ceased, and we found ourselves in Poland. This manifested itself at the very next town by a squalid population, mostly Jews; and where the contrast to Prussian neatness was remarkable. While the carriage was searched at the custom-house I was taken before the little Cossack commandant, who held his office in a thatched hut, to show and explain my passport, no very easy matter, as the interpreter from the post-house understood and spoke German very imperfectly. The political part of the examination was strictly executed, but the scrutiny into the baggage was almost nominal. Travelling all night, we arrived the next day at Leoben; about three

reached Soldau, where we got a comfortable dinner at a female apothecary's, who conjoined with the profession of pharmacy the duty of providing the table d'hôte of the neighbourhood*; and, passing one more night on the road, arrived at Warsaw about noon on the 25th. We did not lose by this rapid mode of proceeding, as the wide plains or sombre woods presented nothing cheering to the eye, and the only town on the route of any importance is Pultusk, agreeably situated on the Narew, where there is a garrison. The distance from Berlin, by Dantzic, to Warsaw is four hundred and eighty English miles, and the Polish posting is, perhaps, the best on the continent of Europe. At the barriers the carriage was surrounded by custom-house and police-officers, by whom it

* The approximation of the former to the latter trade might be productive of formidable consequences, unless the practical combination of the two were carefully guarded against; like the waters of the rivers Gambea and Zanago, mentioned in Mickle's *Lusiad*, which, drunk separately, have no unusual effect, but when mixed, operate as an emetic.

was soon intimated that money would obviate detention. At Warsaw we encountered nothing but disappointment. The Emperor of Russia being in the city, all the hotels were crowded to excess, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could obtain one very small room, by paying largely and taking it as a favour ; neither could we hire a valet-de-place who spoke French or German—a failure, which, as we had not been able, from our sudden change of route, to bring letters of introduction, proved a vexatious drawback. The landlady of the house, too much occupied with her Russian nobility, overlooked us altogether ; and if it had not been for the porter of the inn, a friendly Jew, who understood a little German, we should have been subjected to serious inconvenience. We were in hopes that my banker would, in some degree, have relieved our embarrassments ; but he was not disposed to exert himself beyond a little inactive civility, and could not even procure an interpreter to

accompany us to the Russian frontier : it is not surprising, therefore, that, under these circumstances of destitution, we did not see Warsaw to advantage.

Being absolutely incapacitated from making ourselves understood, we could take no part in the splendid and interesting exhibitions around us, nor obtain some slight portion of political or statistical information, which, useful at all times, would have been doubly valuable at this moment, when the indignant feeling of the nation has broken out into open resistance to her oppressors ; and we had the mortification to learn, after leaving Warsaw, that the brilliant ceremonial of the closing of the Diet by the Emperor in person had taken place within a few hundred yards of our residence, without our even hearing of its occurrence*. Our observation of Warsaw

* We abstained, however, from dwelling on the *regrettable* tense, and made up our minds to that which was irremediable. Travellers would do well, in most instances, to forget what they might, could, would, should, or ought to have done, and snatch the enjoyment still within their reach.

was, from the above causes, confined to its exterior ; nor is it, in this point of view, very remarkable. The city, indeed, occupies a commanding site on the Vistula, and contains some wide and long streets and elegant buildings * ; a fine colossal statue of bronze, by Thorwaldsen, to the memory of Copernicus, had also been recently erected in a conspicuous spot ; but when our Polish acquaintances at Dantzic recommended a visit to Warsaw, even at the expense of considerable deviation, they must have regarded their capital through the lens of national partiality.

On applying for a *poderoshna* for post-horses, inquiries were made as to my rank, and not being a military or titled personage, I was informed that I could not obtain them till the Emperor and all his numerous suite had left Warsaw. Though dismayed by this

* A watchman is stationed on the top of the police-office to announce to the people the degree of heat, of which notice is given every hour, by the exhibition of enormous gilt numerical figures. The utility of this human thermometer is not quite evident.

repulse, it occurred to me, as a *pis aller*, to have recourse to my old Indian official designation, which, at least, would astound the Polish authorities by its length; and I accordingly waited upon the commandant with a letter, signed ‘Ancien Secrétaire en Chef du Gouvernement Britannique à Calcutte,’ and requested, in deference to the station I had held, an exception might be made in my favour. The expedient succeeded; respect was had to a distinction which I had long considered as effete, and the *poderoshna* granted.

We quitted Warsaw with alacrity on the 29th of June, about seven in the evening, and, travelling all night, reached Siedlec early the next morning. This is a neat open town, possessing a decent coffee-house, where we procured materials for a breakfast. Among them that essential article, coffee, which here, and in every other part of Poland that we traversed, we found of superior flavour. The Poles designate it by the original Arabic name, *kuwa*. At Siedlec we fell into con-

versation with three gentlemen, one of whom spoke French so fluently, that I inquired whether he were a Frenchman. ‘No,’ replied he with enthusiasm, touching his head, breast, and knees with his hand; ‘I am a Pole all over, body, and soul, and heart.’ These gentlemen naturally asked us how we liked the pageantry of the closing of the Diet, which question was the first intelligence we had of it; and they sympathized in our having lost that great national spectacle, which they represented as very grand and imposing. The country being flat, the roads and horses excellent, and the drivers willing, we went with great celerity. About two o’clock in the afternoon, we saw the river Bug, surmounted by a bridge closed by double barriers. Having been interrogated at the first, we quitted Poland, and took up a soldier, who conducted us through the second barrier into the Russian town of Brsch Litewsky. This town is pleasantly situated on the river with an unsavoury name, as Dr. Southey would

term it, and, at the time we were there, had a considerable garrison. No sooner were we perceived on the bridge, than the carriage was surrounded by a number of vagabond Jews, who accompanied us with shouts to the custom-house, and perplexed us with their offers of service as clamorously as a poor foreigner landing from a steam-packet at Dover is assailed by certain Christians who ought to have a better idea of propriety.

A friend of ours, who had made a long stay in Russia, and knew the nation well, had impressed upon me, in the strongest manner, that no point could be gained there without money. ‘If,’ said he, ‘you are detained at a custom-house, or require horses or other facilities, go to the head man of the place, and, be he decorated with twenty orders, offer him twenty-five rubles, and your object is gained. Do not fear giving offence; the highest to the lowest expect and will take a bribe.’ This advice I treasured up in my recollection, resolving to act upon it without

reserve, for which an opportunity was soon offered. Having driven into the custom-house yard, which was filled with soldiers and Jews, a gentlemanly-looking man in uniform, who could only speak Russian, entered the carriage and began to examine its contents. He appeared to be soon satisfied, but having delayed unnecessarily, my companion now proposed to give the fee, which was ready prepared in her hand ; but notwithstanding my friend's advice, and my own previous resolution, the genteel demeanour of the functionary, and the publicity of the place, deterred me from venturing upon what I thought would be considered an insult. After a while, he separated a small parcel containing books, and observed, through an interpreter, that he presumed they were only guide books. Still unprepared for a hint, I imprudently opened them, and omitted to avail myself of the last moment for the expected bribe. The time was passed, his manner changed, and he ordered the packet

to be carried into the office, that it might be forwarded to the censor at Moscow. Several Jews, then pressing round, said secretly in French, that I must give him money. A Polish gentleman, however, who was transacting some business at the custom-house, dissuaded me strongly from doing so ; thus all was confusion and contradiction, but the carriage being released, we left the books to their fate, and drove to the inn to make arrangements for prosecuting our journey. Not being able to procure a German servant who could speak Russian, I had been advised to apply to the military officer in charge of the post-office to allow one of his public couriers to accompany us to Moscow. The Post-master Colonel agreed, (a Russian officer, standing by, observed, any thing might be had for money, of which I probably had plenty,) and a man was appointed to attend us, to whom I was to pay two hundred rubles and his return expenses. The *pode-roshna* from the commandant being also se-

cured, we set out in the evening with six horses to our calèche, our two attendants riding behind us in a kибитка, a miserable two-wheeled vehicle without springs.

How the difficulties of travelling in wild countries seemed exaggerated ! Here we had made every arrangement at a distant Russian town in a few hours, and were starting with glee for the ancient capital ! The character of the people had been so misrepresented ! Where were the proofs of extortion and venality on the part of the functionaries, for the detention of the books might be a necessary compliance with forms ? Full of these sentiments we were driving past the custom-house, when our cavalcade was suddenly interrupted by a soldier with a drawn sword. On alighting, it was intimated, through the Jews, that our arrest was on account of the books, which I forthwith begged might be confiscated, and I be allowed to depart, but this was refused, particular information was denied, and everything wore an air of mystery.

Now seemed the time to employ money, and it was freely offered, but it was also the time for the custom-master's revenge. I was told it was too late, I ought to have given it before ; and as to the books, I must not depart without them, nor leave the town till I had furnished a surety in one hundred rubles for their safe conveyance to Moscow. I immediately said, ' Send them in charge of your own courier, who is going thither with me. ' How can I, a complete stranger, furnish a ' surety ? ' Still there was a demur. Evening was shutting in, and the office being closed, the business was now to be deferred till the next day. So, chewing the cud of vexation, I dismissed the horses, and endeavoured to ascertain, as far as the rascality of the persons about me would admit, what was to be done. At last a Jew offered to be my surety for fifty rubles, which the custom-master accepted on my sending him the present that he had declined the night before. I eagerly caught at this, not waiting to find

out who was the greatest rogue, Christian or Jew, and deeming it an indulgence to be allowed to pay about seventy rubles for the conveyance of my own books, on my own carriage, to Moscow.

The population of Brsch Litewsky consisted principally of Jews, of the most miserable and squalid description, many of whom were lying about in the street on the look out for casual employment. They are not allowed to quit the place without a passport, which it is almost impossible to obtain. The Jew whom I had selected as my interpreter informed me, that he was so weary of his situation, which was virtually one of imprisonment, and so anxious to escape from the oppression of the Russians, that if he could procure a passport, he would cut off his beard and follow me as a servant. The little inn at the post where we lodged was kept by a Jewess, who spoke French fluently. And here, as it has been my misfortune to mention in terms of vituperation certain

Christian landladies, it is a satisfaction to be enabled to bear testimony to the good qualities of our Hebrew hostess ; she showed herself intelligent, good-natured, and honest, and so far from taking advantage of our ignorance and embarrassed situation, she gave us the best advice in her power, and treated us as strangers, whom it was her duty to assist.

On finally quitting Brsch Litewsky, on the morning of the 1st of July, we had still to look greatly to our own resources, and to sleep in the carriage till we should arrive at Moscow, a distance of about eleven hundred wersts. At Kobryn, however, which was the second post-house*, decent provisions were procurable, and unusually excellent coffee ; and the next morning we reached Slonim, a dirty looking town full of Jews, at about half-past seven. The public room here being tolerably

* We were surprised to see at one of the post-houses prints descriptive of William Tell's history ; as it might have been imagined that any thing relating to this story of liberty would not have been allowed to penetrate far into the Russian territories.

clean, we halted two or three hours, which was not only necessary for our own refreshment, but for the relief of our servants, who, especially the Neapolitan courier, suffered from the almost intolerable jolting of the kibitka.

It being an order of the government, that a suitable room be reserved at each post-house for the accommodation of travellers, we generally contrived to refresh ourselves in the morning between the hours of four and twelve. When we required breakfast, and the post-house was not enterable, which sometimes happened when kept by a Jew, we had the carriage drawn up under a tree at a little distance from the house, and boiling our kettle, we managed, with the addition of milk (which was always to be obtained) to our own portable stock, to fare very comfortably.

This sort of life can only be appreciated by those who enter heart and soul into the pleasures of travelling, and are prepared to

extract amusement from privation. The restraints and formalities of civilized society could not reach us among the immense woods and vast plains of Russia. Our caleche being our only resting-place, it mattered little whether we slept by day or night, which latter scarcely commenced at twelve, and ceased before three A. M. At this early hour, while the horses were changing, we occasionally enjoyed a delightful walk, somewhat exulting over the drowsy world still wrapped in sleep. The constant exposure to the open air invigorated our health, while the rapidity of our progress caused a corresponding elasticity of spirits, which we had not felt in more tranquil scenes, and in the midst of daily abundance.

‘ A peu de frais en vérité
Les Dieux peuvent me satisfaire,
Qu’ils me laissent le nécessaire,
Et qu’ils m’accordent la santé
Je fais du reste mon affaire.’

DESMAHIS.

The road having now become better, we dismissed two of our six horses, the remain-

ing four being sufficient to drag us on at a fearful rate, for night and day we went full gallop, according to the custom of Russian travelling.

Our Russian interpreter proved an active and faithful person. He had assured us that he understood a little German, but all he had hitherto uttered to us, either as an address or reply, was 'alles ist capote.' The first two words certainly bore him out, though *capote* might have been Cossack rather than German, but the phrase served him to intimate that all was right, from which favourable notification he never had occasion to deviate. About a mile or two before coming to a station, he used to thunder past in the kibitka to the utter dislocation of the Neapolitan bones contained in it, in order to have things ready for our arrival, when, if any delay occurred in furnishing horses, he showed his post-office badge, which being slung over a large brace of pistols had a very stimulating effect on the people.

The post-house at Snovie, which we reached about half-past two in the afternoon, was the first pretty place we had seen since we left Brsch Litewsky. It has several pieces of water in the vicinity of a park, where a Russian count has erected a handsome palace. The route hitherto, however, had consisted principally of plains tolerably cultivated, with occasional forests, though of no great extent. After the first seven or eight stages, the road improved considerably.

Pursuing our journey during the night, we breakfasted the next day, the 4th of July, at Smolewie, a quiet, but miserably dirty place, and reached Borisaw at mid-day. As far as we saw, the country was by no means desolate; but continued to be fairly cultivated, though interrupted by occasional sands and forests of moderate magnitude. Nevertheless, it was surprising, that even this degree of culture could be produced where such a paucity of labourers existed. As a

proof of the scantiness of the population, I observed several women conducting two, and one man three harrows at once, *i. e.*, he drove the first, and led the second, to which the horses of the third were attached*.

Our interpreter had served as a soldier at the battle of Borisaw; he accordingly undertook *to explain* the details of the battle to us, as far as a few words obtained from his Neapolitan companion, in addition to ‘alles ist capote,’ would allow. I had luckily, however, a more efficient expositor in Chambray’s accurate work, which enabled us, assisted by the gibberish of our guide, to understand the positions, which we had now the gratification of surveying. The entrench-

* Pope Urban the Eighth shewed a very ancient seal to Saavedra, on which was engraved the symbol of two bees drawing a plough, which the latter infers was the emblem of the Romans of the *utile dulci*.—See *Empresa*, xlii.

How much soever there may be of the useful, there can be but little of the agreeable in driving three harrows at once; and though not strictly appropriate, the citation may be accepted, as few persons are likely to search an almost forgotten work for the original observation, which is not uninteresting.

ments formed by the Russians were still standing ; and at the time of our visit the Beresina was greatly dried up, and presented a very shallow stream. Borisaw itself is a town of wood-huts, with a little church of wood roofed with the same material, cut in the shape of tiles. In the action our old soldier had received wounds in the head and leg, as a compensation for which, he was appointed a courier with sixpence a day or week, (I forget which,) and the privilege of constantly galloping backwards and forwards in a kибитка, between Brsch Litewsky and Moscow. When we had finished our reconnoissance, I wished to give him a trifle on account of his wounds ; but was at a loss how to make him understand the honorary part of the present. At last, observing the dent which the French sabre had left in his forehead, I put a dollar into the cavity, and pointed round to the field of battle. The address was perfectly comprehended, and elicited in return an energetic ‘alles ist capote.’

We were obliged to dine in the carriage at Lozayic, owing to the unpromising appearance of the place. The post-house at Talasym was cleaner, being kept by an old Frenchman, who informed us, that only the Italians and the allies deserted their colours during the retreat; but that the real Frenchman fought without flinching, from Moscow to Fontainebleau. At this lonely and remote place I observed a large clock with the name of William Smith, London, on the dial-plate. How it could have travelled so far, and been worth any body's while to convey it, I did not learn.

It was just past midnight when we crossed the Dnieper by a ferry, under the light of a brilliant moon, which illumined the now gentle and shallow river flowing between its lofty banks. The boatmen told us this was the exact spot where the gallant Ney, 'este famoso sobre los famosos,'* crossed in his unparalleled retreat; and this circumstance,

* Garcilaso de la Vega so designates Columbus.

combined with the wildness of the place and people, the lateness of the hour, and the delightful serenity of the weather, marked the passage with peculiar interest.

Breakfasting next morning at Krasnoy, our anxious curiosity was gratified, about half-past one in the afternoon, by the sight of the spires of Smolensko, where we arrived after a journey of seventy-six hours from the frontier town of Brsch Litewsky.

Smolensko is finely situated on the side of a hill, at the bottom of which flows the Dnieper. The walls still bore the marks of the bombardment, and the buildings ruined on that occasion not having been restored, gave the city an aspect of painful desolation. We entered it by the breach, which has since afforded a convenient opening for carriages. The streets and squares are spacious. The cathedral, almost the only building uninjured, is a lofty, quadrangular structure, surmounted by five minarets, painted green, grand in appearance without being elegant, and having

its interior superbly decorated with gilding. This, with the bridge across the Dnieper, and the picturesque arch amidst hanging gardens which connects two quarters of the town, was all that Smolensko had now to offer as a remnant of its former magnificence. A few melancholy-looking persons were pacing its promenades ; and the city, which was once called the third metropolis of the empire, and is still an object of intense interest to all not insensible to the havoc of revolutions, was not considered of sufficient importance to require the presence of a garrison.

After passing the day at a decent inn, kept by a German, who bitterly deplored the decadence of the city, we pursued our journey in the evening, travelling all night, and breakfasted at Dorogobush, on the 5th. We next reached Viazma, where we found good fare and accommodation at the post-house. Dorogobush is a substantial place, and, occupying a prominent station on the Dnieper, may be remarked among the tame plains

which surround it ; but both it, and the ancient town of Viazma especially, appeared still crippled by the devastation of the war by which they were such heavy sufferers. On the 6th we found excellent rooms at Grydnovo, where we breakfasted. We were now in the vicinity of Borodino, and our coachman undertook to guide us over the field of battle ; and literally did he perform his promise, dragging us over a heath intersected with ravines, fording several times the Kalotsha, and following the route of the army two hours without our being able to stop him, till we came to the heights of Semeloe, where the Russian General Tischgoff was killed. A building in the shape of a chapel erected on a hill was pointed out to us as his tomb, and on approaching we perceived to astonishment, that a small colony was rising on a spot which local circumstances and distressing events seemed to have marked for desolation. An intelligent French woman, who had been in England, received us on our

arrival, and related the occurrences which led to its formation. As soon as the Countess Tischgoff heard of her husband's death, she purchased the ground in the vicinity of the field of battle, and her first care was to erect a chapel on the exact spot where he fell, and where his remains are covered by a block of granite surmounted by a large marble cross. She then made preparations for retiring with her only son to this lonely heath, resolving to spend the remainder of her life in solitude and mourning. At the period of our visit the unfortunate Countess had passed nearly eighteen years in this seclusion, the melancholy of which had been deeply embittered by the death of her only son. He was buried in the chapel opposite to his father, and on the marble slab which marks his grave are the words of Samuel, 'Here am I, Lord.' By his side a blank space has been left for his mother, when death shall release her from suffering, whose tomb is also to bear the inscription, 'Here

‘ am I, Lord,’ with the addition of, ‘ with the son thou gavest me.’ Too much accustomed to grief to shun dwelling upon it, the Countess seemed pleased with the opportunity of venting her sorrows afresh even to strangers. Hence she at once proposed a visit to the chapel, and detailed, with dejected composure, the calamities of her life. As far as we could judge of a form and features ‘ wasted with misery,’ Madame Tischgoff could scarcely have passed her fortieth year, so that she must have been very young when she chose her present retirement. The Countess had formed a small asylum for some poor noble orphans, and a few other indigent persons, maintaining a priest for the regular performance of religious ceremonies. She spent her time in prayer, in the supervision of the orphan establishment, and in reading. Clinging to the subject always predominant in her heart, she produced us Segur’s History of the Campaign, and expressed

a wish to have also Chambray's account, with which I was fortunately enabled to supply her.

After pressing some refreshment upon us, the Countess kindly gave us a letter of introduction to her brother at Moscow, and we took our departure. Violent rain, by rendering the sandy roads very heavy, now impeded our progress; and as we approached the capital, the posts were more tardily supplied, which, combined with our detention at Semeloe, prevented our reaching Moscow till four in the morning of the 7th of July. After our passport was examined, there was no custom-house to detain us, and we were soon lodged at the house of Mr. Howard, well known to Englishmen for its cleanliness and comfort, where we were well inclined to repose, not having entered a bed since we left Warsaw, a period of eight nights and days. Fatigue, however, was not to be attended to, when

the Kremlin was within reach; and we lost no time in repairing to the singular and magnificent structure which had cost us so much exertion to behold.

At the moment of our entrance the fortress was full of animation, in consequence of the celebration in the principal church of a grand religious ceremony in honour of the emperor's birthday. The officiating bishops were splendidly attired, and wore round caps or turbans, profusely adorned with jewels. The metropolitan, or patriarch, as he was called, I believe erroneously, was distinguished among them by the greater simplicity of his dress and his lofty white cafetan, in the centre of which shone a brilliant diamond cross. His lofty form, too, so superior in dignity to the common-place figures of his episcopal assistants, and his placid demeanour, imparted great impressiveness to the discourse which he delivered on the occasion; at the termination of which, the enormous bell of the tower of Ivan Vilikoi boomed forth

its solemn and mellow peal, and the congregation separated.

We afterwards descended to view the great bell *of all*, which is buried in the ground at a short distance from the church. We could scarcely, however, satisfy ourselves of its enormous dimensions, and observe the characters engraved on it, before we were compelled to reascend in haste, in consequence of the prevailing bad air. It is to be regretted that this bell is not properly excavated, so as to combine the accommodation of the spectator with the suitable exhibition of such a stupendous object of curiosity. Its history was a long time uncertain, but in the year 1817 the two following inscriptions were discovered :

Alexis Mikhaelovitch, de bienheureuse mémoire, autocrate des Grande et Petite Russie, et de la Russie Blanche, donna l'ordre que pour la cathédrale de la pure et glorieuse Assomption de la Vierge, on fondît une cloche en cuivre, du poids de 8000 pouds*, l'an de la création du monde 7162, et de la naissance de

* A poud is equal to forty pounds English.

N. S. J. C. 1654. Cette cloche fut mise en usage l'an de la création du monde 7176 et J. C. 1668, et servit usqu'à l'année de la création 7208 et de J. C. 1701 : dans laquelle année, le 19 Juin, elle fut brisée par une grande incendie qui éclata au Kremlin : elle fut muette jusq'à l'année de la création 7239, l'an de J. C. 1735.

Par un ordre donné par l'Impératrice autocrate et glorieuse Anna Ivanovna, pour la gloire de Dieu, de la Ste. Trinité et en l'honneur de la Ste. Vierge dans la cathédrale de sa glorieuse Assomption, on fondit le métal de l'ancienne cloche de 8000 pouds, endommagée par l'incendie, et l'on y ajouta 2000 pouds de nouvelle matière, l'an du monde 7..., de la nativité de notre Seigneur 173., la 4me année du glorieux règne de sa Majesté.

Judging from a grating or platform of iron, which must have served for its base, it is supposed that this enormous mass was cast on the spot where it now lies, and that no architect has been able to raise it. The height is twenty feet, seven inches ; its diameter twenty-two feet, eight inches. According to Mayerberg, who saw it in 1661, only eight years after its being cast, 440,000 pounds of metal were put into the mould, of

which 120,000 pounds were lost in smelting, leaving 320,000 pounds as the material of the Bell.

Nothing can be more beautiful and exhilarating than the prospect from the terrace of the Kremlin: almost all the principal churches, which form a pyramid of cupolas in the centre of the city, and many superb edifices, with nearly every other object of interest, may be viewed from its eminence. Indeed it is impossible to survey without wonder this extraordinary assemblage of different kinds of architecture—the Gothic tower of the age of chivalry, the mosque and the pagoda, the cross and the crescent, all contributing to form one grand object of admiration. The most important of the churches are contained within the precincts of the fortress; but there are several others very remarkable, among which may be noted that called the Vasseli Blagnoi, near the Holy Gate, conspicuous for the number of its bulbous cupolas, all different in their

shape, ornaments, and colours, and its fantastic spire, which was erected in the year 1554, by order of Ivan the Terrible, who caused the eyes of the architect to be put out, that this grotesque, though magnificent, church might remain the sole masterpiece of his art.

‘ There is a tomb in *Moscow* ’ which I was anxious to visit, in consequence of the interesting anecdote relating to it.

Matveef was the minister and friend of the Czar Alexis Mikhaelovitch, who not only confided to his administration the principal affairs of his kingdom, but entrusted him with the care and education of his children. So much was he valued by his Sovereign, that on the occasion of his absence on some public business, the Czar urged him to return as soon as possible, for without his presence himself and his children felt like melancholy orphans. Matveef being as generous and disinterested as he was honoured and beloved, lived in a ruinous house, which the Czar often desired

might be put into a state of repair suitable to his rank ; but he constantly excused himself, on the ground of having neither leisure nor means. Upon this the Czar declared he would take upon himself the charge of the work, an offer which the favourite declined, on the contradictory plea that his munificence had already enabled him to incur the necessary expense. Orders were now given for the collection of materials ; but it so happened that at the time there were no stones to be procured in Moscow fit for the purpose. This circumstance becoming known, a crowd of Strelitz * and inhabitants of the city proceeded to the residence of the minister, conducting numerous carriages loaded with stones, which they solicited him to accept as a free gift. Matveef refusing them on these terms, the assembly exclaimed, ‘ These stones ‘ are not for sale ; we have torn them from

* The Strelitz were a corps of infantry in which the peasants were enrolled. They were generally quartered in towns, and were selected for the most dangerous services.

‘ the tombs of our fathers as an offering to
‘ our benefactor.’

Matveef, besides being an able minister, was a patron of the fine arts ; but during the ensuing reign he was banished to one of the wildest districts of Archangel, whence he was recalled only to meet his death ; for having, shortly after his return, exposed himself in a mutiny of the Strelitz, in order to save the family of the Czar, he was massacred by the infuriated insurgents. A mean-looking inclosure covers the plain and simple monument, which was erected by Count Romanzoff to the memory of his illustrious ancestor, and which is fast falling into decay, a circumstance greatly to be lamented, as the records of probity are more perishable than those of ambition, and the countrymen of the virtuous Matveef cannot afford to lose the memorials of his noble example.

Moscow is now larger than it was before the conflagration. The churches have been studiously rebuilt in their former shape, in

which orientalism so much predominates ; but the new houses being in the modern taste, the city has lost some of its singular appearance, though, while the Kremlin and its immediate precincts are preserved in their existing state, Moscow will ever be distinguished as a stupendous monument of unique magnificence.

In the year 1830 there were about five hundred English residents, the great majority of whom were employed in Russian families of rank, as instructors or superintendents. The reputation of our countrymen for integrity and good conduct has gained them this preference, which is still more conspicuous in the anxiety manifested by the heads of families to retain English women in the capacity of governesses and housekeepers, a practice which, while it denotes their confidence in the nation, is an indication, among many others, of the wealth of the higher classes in Moscow. The magnificence displayed in their houses and hospitality has often been mentioned ;

and it is an uncommon thing for them to appear in an equipage drawn by less than six horses. This species of luxury extends, in a minor degree, to their inferiors, all of whom, according to their grade, indulge in the luxury of a carriage. Nobody, indeed, walks, except the canaille; and from the cheapness of hired vehicles, the poorest tradesman mounts a droskey when he goes out on business.

Detachments of criminals are sent off weekly to Siberia. Persons of rank, who are condemned to that punishment, are not allowed to keep more than sixty rubles in their possession at once, nor to have a servant in the same house with themselves; though, by way of indulgence, they are permitted to work on the roads instead of in the mines.

Not being able to procure a poderoshna for St. Petersburg, till some arrangement had been made respecting the packet of books, which I had long devoted in my heart to the

infernai gods, I addressed myself, after several useless applications to subordinates, to Prince Gallitzin, the Governor, who informed me they must travel to St. Petersburg, there to be judged by the censorship. I found the Prince, who spoke both French and English, extremely courteous, and willing to permit and expedite my departure; but when I applied for the number of horses I required, a ludicrous obstacle was opposed to the grant of the *poderoshna* for five in my own name; viz., that not being a military officer, nor a man of rank, I was only entitled to three; so I was obliged to have a separate order for the remaining two in the name of my servant. Our landlord understanding Russian perfectly, I induced him, at the time I was settling with the Brsch Letewsky courier, to inquire whether he was to retain the whole of the stipulated remuneration for his services; upon which he confessed that the military postmaster was to receive half. He requested, likewise, that I would

not specify in his certificate what I had given for his return expenses, as the same worthy functionary would take the lion's share even of that.

The horses being brought to the door, we were on the point of starting, as we supposed ; but found that they had come without traces, which it was our business to provide, a circumstance which occasioned a delay of three hours.

At last we left Moscow on the 13th of July, at six o'clock in the evening, and travelling all night, reached the city of Twer next day. Here we for the first time saw the Volga, whose sacred stream carries abundance and fertilization in the course of a thousand leagues from Twer to Astracan, where it widens to the extent of fifteen miles, until it pours its waters by seventy channels into the Caspian Sea.

The bridge being broken down, and a detachment of artillery having to cross the river before us, we had to wait three hours

for a boat, which detention enabled us to see as much of the city as was desirable, it having no particular recommendation but its site on the lofty banks of the Volga, which divides it into two parts. As far as Twér, the road from Moscow had been excellent; but we had now to travel for many hours on a part of Peter the Great's causeway, in all its original roughness. It is well known, that this was composed of pieces of timber laid across the road, and secured at the extremities by some rude wooden fastenings, the surface being covered with branches of trees, with a little sand cast over to bind the materials. This was a formidable trial to the springs of our caleche, and to our own bones, which we had not guarded by any additional precaution of cushions, and no moderation of driving was to be expected from our coachmen. Sometimes we were dragged over the bare logs of wood, unmitigated by a single twig, or any friendly mud; at others, when passing a marsh, we seemed to be crossing on

a raft, while the water, agitated by the pressure, splashed around us like the waves of a lake ; and if near a station, our kibitka would thunder by in a more furious gallop than even our own carriage, astounding us by its sudden approach and rapid disappearance : nor did our coachman always choose to be outstripped ; but, breaking off the monotonous song, which he had been droning from the commencement of the stage into a yell to his horses, he would stand up on the box, spread his arms wide, and dash down a hill, not relaxing his frightful velocity till checked by some opposing eminence.

Hurra die tödten reiten schnell !

The dead may ride amain in Germany ; but the living keep pace with them in Russia, whose drivers must be the true and lineal descendants from the loins, or rather *reins*, of the first great ‘ toolman,’ Jehu.

We reached Novogorod at a quarter-past seven, having just sufficient day-light to behold the beautiful prospect which it affords

to the traveller descending from Moscow, and to visit its ancient cathedral. After passing a long and handsome bridge, there is still another across the Volga, which divides the city into two parts. Standing on the last, a lovely prospect may be obtained, a most conspicuous feature of which is a monastery in the distance, whose milk white walls are curiously contrasted with its green cupolas. The city does not show so many marks of antiquity as might be expected. Excepting the walls of the Kremlin in which the cathedral is situated, it does not seem very ancient, and on the Moscow side the new houses rising in its broad unfinished streets, give it more the appearance of a new town not yet completed, than what it really is, an old and magnificent city fallen into ruin. I do not recollect where we left the old road, and came upon the newly made chaussée ; but the miseries of the former had ceased long before we arrived at Novogorod. This new road is a noble work, far

broadier than any of our mail-coach roads, and equally well macadamized. It does not change its line on account of hills or morasses. Hills are levelled, morasses filled up, and elegant causeways formed, that its course may be direct. Handsome bridges too, ornamented with cast iron balustrades, all uniformly exhibiting the Imperial arms, are erected wherever necessary, and tasteful and substantial werst posts mark the distances. As the post-houses on the line contain apartments for the accommodation of the Emperor, which the general traveller is allowed to use, their construction must have added a heavy item to the expense of the road, which is calculated at three hundred rubles a yard. Had not the war with Turkey interfered, it was intended to continue the road in a similar style of magnificence as far as Smolensko, a distance of above eleven hundred wersts from St. Petersburg.

On the right of Novogorod a long line of houses uniformly built, with neat gardens

in front, extends eleven wersts. These buildings are occupied by married soldiers, who are expected to bring up their sons to some trade, and to hold them in readiness to serve in the army ; and so numerous had this military colony become, that during the Turkish war, the emperor drew from it several thousand soldiers. Having remained only two hours at Novogorod, we were enabled to reach St. Petersburg in good time the next day. The road, of course, as we approached the capital, became more lively, but the entrance to the city is not striking, the road passing through a long range of uninteresting suburbs, until it reaches the stately church of Cazan. But no welcome awaits the traveller at the hotel, towards which he has been so long looking ; a tardy landlady shews some apartments with indifference, and when he inquires for refreshments, he finds there are no waiters to bring it, such attendance being the duty of the valet de place, who, in our case, was not to be

procured at the instant, our two couriers, wearied by unremitting jolting, having retired to take some rest, leaving us to our own exertions. It is surprising, that in a capital where most of the luxuries of elder nations have been introduced, and so much communication takes place with London and Paris, such a comfortless system should still prevail*.

Having obtained permission to reside, almost the first thing the newly-arrived stranger, who proposes to stay but a short time at St. Petersburg, does, is to make arrangements for his departure. Of these the most essential is to announce it in the Gazette; the business of passports is soon settled under the authority of the present superintendent, whose disinterested courtesy

* A tax of 2000 rubles is levied on all the superior houses of entertainment, but the charges notwithstanding are not great to customers. The rent of a country residence near the capital is very high; one house was pointed out to us, for which the Bavarian Ambassador refused to give 5000 rubles for the summer, but which was afterwards let to an English nobleman at 12,000 rubles for six weeks.

has gained him the esteem of strangers to such a degree, that it was proposed to present him with a handsome piece of plate, but the government would not permit him to accept it.

Most persons who have seen both St. Petersburg and Calcutta recognize a marked similarity between them. The likeness is especially observable in the former, near the monastery of St. Alexander Newsky*. From the narrowness of the channel, at this spot, the Neva is very rapid; but as it approaches St. Petersburg the current slackens, and the river seems to pause, as if to admire and venerate the noble structures with which its banks have been adorned by the genius of Peter the Great and Catherine. It then expands into a wider stream, and continues its course to the gulph of Finland, bearing on its broad bosom the evidences of the

* The Hoogly is a finer river than the Neva, though it is itself only a branch of a mightier stream; but Calcutta can boast of no other superiority, as its buildings will not bear comparison in grandeur with those of St. Petersburg.

success of one of the most stupendous enterprises ever conceived by man. Already exceeding all cities in the world in grandeur, it is still preparing additional architectural embellishments; and when the church of St. Isaac, and the column in honour of the late Emperor Alexander, shall be completed, the Russian sovereigns may rest satisfied that the magnificence of their capital is placed beyond the reach of competition. Persons, therefore, proposing to visit St. Petersburg, would do well to defer the execution of their intention for two or three years, when these structures will probably be finished.

After a stay of ten days at St. Petersburg, which is now too well known, by the descriptions of recent travellers, to require detailed notice in these pages, we prepared for our journey to Abo. The mode of travelling in Finland is pretty much the same as that in practice in Russia, and having purchased a four-horse harness by the

advice of our *laquai de place*, whom we engaged to attend us as coachman and interpreter, and ordered such refreshments as might make us independent of supplies on the road, we entered our carriage on the evening of the 30th of July, with the intention of proceeding night and day till we reached our destination. During the first three stages our route was either badly paved or through deep sand, but improved greatly as we advanced into Finland, and continued excellent, with very little exception, till we arrived at Abo, though it required considerable care on the part of our coachman to guide the carriage at the usual gallop through the masses of granite which, in some places, were profusely scattered along the route. The towns are, for the most part, better calculated to afford accommodation than those in Russia, but we preferred following our old habit of sleeping in the carriage, which saved us an infinity of trouble. As we managed to pass by daylight the beautiful scenery on the river Aberfors,

and visit the picturesque towns of Helsingfors and Louisa, nothing was lost with respect to seeing the country, the remainder of which, though occasionally well cultivated, is little diversified beyond the regular occurrence of granite rocks and forests of birch and fir. The fortified towns of Vibourg and Fredericksham offer a fair reception to the traveller, but nothing interesting to his curiosity. At the former especially, provisions of all kinds are excellent and abundant, and to this I would draw his attention, as they are not afterwards readily to be procured. Though the distance from St. Petersburg to Abo is only six hundred and twenty wersts, and the road good almost the whole way, we were nearly four nights and days in performing the journey, twelve or fifteen hours having been consumed in useless delays on the part of the post-masters and our own servants. Though the Finlanders are far more gentle and civilized in their general manners and demeanour than the great mass of Russian

peasants, yet their habits of sobriety do not seem to have gained strength since the time of Clarke, who characterizes them as incorrigible drunkards ; for at every post-house where we stopped on Sunday, we observed large parties of the country people in a state of intoxication. On arriving at Abo we were shocked to observe its mournful appearance. In the ancient capital of Finland we had expected to see an opulent town, the metropolis of an archbishopric, and the seat of a flourishing University, not being aware of the dreadful fire which, about three years ago, had destroyed almost every building in the place, and ruined many thousand families. The observatory, built on a high rock, alone escaped of all the public edifices. The main street, along the bank of the river Aurojakee, has been restored, and some others are rising slowly, but the small size and inferior construction of the houses indicate the impoverishment of the proprietors. A church in a modern style was erecting to replace the

old Gothic cathedral, the remains of whose tower stand a melancholy monument of the conflagration, and of the insufficiency even of the river to obstruct the progress of its devastation, for the fire seizing upon the wooden bridge over the Aurojakee rapidly communicated to the buildings on the opposite side, and involved them in the common destruction. Such circumstances were unfavourable to strangers ; we, however, obtained decent apartments at an inn annexed to an establishment called the Society, which combined a sort of town-hall, a club, and a theatre. Yet, notwithstanding the frequent communication with Stockholm, few articles of luxury were to be procured ; the wine was bad, and beer not to be purchased. A steam-boat used occasionally to ply in the summer months between Abo and Stockholm, but her employment interfering with the profits of the regular packets, the masters of the latter, it is said, contrived to damage the machinery of the rival vessel, and thus put a stop to

this desirable competition. These packets are of about thirty tons burden, having one very lofty mast, on which is crowded an immense quantity of canvas. Below there are several small cabins well arranged ; and in the larger vessels, a *traiteur* provides meals for such of the passengers as choose to rely on his care.

The wind being unfavourable, we were detained at Abo four days—a deplorable loss of time ; for in the actual circumstances of the unfortunate town there was nothing to interest us ; and when we had surveyed its picturesque site from the terrace of the observatory, and the granite rocks on each side of the little creek, all occupation for our curiosity had ceased. At length the commander of the packet in which we had engaged our passage resolved to drop down the river, and take his chance outside of a favourable breeze ; but the wind continued contrary till the night of the 9th, when a few hours of a southerly gale carried us across what is called

the Great Sea, though, on getting among the islands, it was deemed prudent to anchor; indeed, it would have been the height of rashness to do otherwise, for the wind was violent, the night dark, the rocks and shallows numerous and uncertain: nevertheless, if it had not been for the remonstrances of a learned professor of Upsala, who luckily had some influence with the captain, the latter would not so readily have relinquished the advantage of the favouring gale. A person looking over a chart may perceive the countless islands which *speckle* this part of the Gulf of Finland, and render the navigation so dangerous; but they enliven the passage, presenting their verdant surfaces in a thousand different points of view, when a foul wind renders it necessary to tack and vary the position of the vessel. On the morning of the 10th we reached the island of Tuhra-sund, one of the largest of the group, where we found oak-trees, which we had not perceived on the others, and were detained three

or four hours for examination at the Swedish custom-house. In the evening we arrived opposite the fortress of Waxholm, most cheerfully situated, where our passports were demanded ; and the navigation having become extremely intricate, our captain, notwithstanding the clear moonlight, determined to anchor. The fineness of the night induced some Finnish women, who were going to Stockholm with articles of trade, to beguile the time (for but few of the passengers could procure beds, or even sleeping room) by representing a sort of theatrical piece on the fore-castle, while the female cook of the vessel sang Finnish words to that unfortunate and much-abused tune, ‘ *Di tanti palpiti.*’ At last, on the morning of the 12th, when our patience and provisions were exhausted, we found ourselves in the romantic harbour of Stockholm.

All the inns in the city being of the meanest description, we hired lodgings, and depended upon the *traiteur* of the principal

club-house for our dinner, and luckily had every reason to be satisfied, both with our accommodation and our table. The living at Stockholm is excellent, and far more reasonable than at any other capital we visited, in which last respect it forms a striking contrast to its neighbour Copenhagen, where charges (at least at the Hôtel d'Angleterre) are made on a scale nearly approaching to London prices.

Stockholm itself affords little to interest curiosity, though its magnificent site cannot fail to awaken admiration. ‘Uniting every
‘beauty of wild nature with the charms
‘attendant upon the scenes of more active
‘life; echoing the clamour of the bustling
‘populace amidst rocks that have not yet
‘ceased to ring with the woodman’s axe;
‘rivalling, at one display, the boasted cliffs
‘of Edinburgh, the broad lake of Geneva,
‘and the streets and shipping of Venice;
‘its view presents a romantic vision that

‘ scarcely even the highest powers of poetry
‘ itself could successfully delineate *.’

To those who visit Stockholm on their way from England, previously to seeing St. Petersburg and Moscow, this praise may not appear disproportionate ; but these last-mentioned cities had drawn so amply on our admiration before we reached the former, that we found it difficult to yield a full concurrence to such unmeasured panegyric, though willing to concede to it the merit of singular beauty. But to appreciate fairly, and in proper gradation, the claims of the several capitals to picturesque distinction, the order of our tour should be reversed.

In the course of the four days we remained at Stockholm, we viewed the royal palace and the Riddarholm Church, solely appropriated as a cemetery for the royal family and persons of rank ; and made excursions to Drottingholm, Haga, &c. ; but the most

* Bishop James’s Tour through Sweden, &c., vol. i., p. 192.

pleasing spot of any is the king's summer palace at Rosendal, placed in the midst of an undulated country, and adorned with fine oaks, sheets of water, and granite rocks, to whose tranquil solitude it is a relief to escape from the clang of iron bars which are constantly landing on the piers of the harbour. Though it is necessary to cross the lake to reach this most agreeable residence, it is rendered accessible by excellent boats, and the grounds are open to every visitant. An immense porphyry vase, called by the Swedes the largest in Europe, is placed in front of the house: I should have thought those in the Vatican exceeded it in size.

It being our intention to proceed as far northward as Fahlun, in order to see its celebrated copper-mine, and then visit the falls of Trolhätta, we engaged a Swede to accompany us as interpreter; and as we proposed after leaving Upsala to persevere in our bivouacking system, we provided at Stockholm accordingly.

Leaving the capital at eight in the morning of the 16th, a steam vessel conveyed us to Upsala in nine hours. On the same day a similar boat sailed for Linköping. The first part of our voyage was up the lake Melar, abounding in fine views, till we suddenly came to a lock, where the broad expanse of the lake seemed to terminate in a *cul de sac* ; but we quickly emerged into a sort of marsh covered with bulrushes, and following the course of a river, which runs in a channel just wide enough for the steamer to *rustle* through it, we coasted by Sighena, the city of Odin, distinguishable by a few tumuli, and soon anchored close to the ancient seat of learning. It being the time of vacation, Upsala was as still as a country village, the cathedral and the university seeming equally deserted. The former contains the tombs of Gustavus Vasa, the Chancellor Oxenstiern, and Linnæus ; and in the library of the latter we saw the Codex Argenteus, a manuscript copy of the New Testament in

the Suevo-Gothic language, written in silver letters, on purple-coloured parchment, and the sealed chest left by Gustavus III. to be opened fifty years after his decease. About thirteen years remain unexpired of the prescribed interval, at the end of which it is expected that the king will repair in person to Upsala, to be present at the opening of the chest. Europe in general, however, is not likely to be much interested in what may then be disclosed; and the lapse of time and important changes in their political circumstances, will, it may be suspected, have greatly blunted the curiosity of the Swedes themselves. Old Upsala, which is about half an hour's drive from the new town, consists of a few cottages and a small church, the latter said to be very ancient, though now much modernized by repeated repairs. We saw nothing but an image, with a good-humoured countenance, which the sexton desired us to believe was an antique repre-

sensation of Thor. This and two small hills which he pointed out—the one as the Mount of Justice, the other as the eminence where the kings and nobles sat to see it administered—was all that we could attain to satisfy our enquiries respecting the favourite haunts of the Scandinavian Idols, and the residence of the earliest monarchs of Sweden.

In the evening (the 17th August) we set out for Fahlun, but notwithstanding our having according to usage sent on a foreböd, we were much delayed for horses—a detention mainly occasioned by the obstinacy of our interpreter, who, seeing we had a harness for four horses, insisted upon the necessity of our taking that number, not recollecting that, according to the post-office regulations, the proprietors of horses have a right to send two persons with the carriage to bring them back. Having commenced with four, the people would never let us go with less, and sometimes refused to allow us to purchase

the absence of one of the guides, the accession of two persons adding a dangerous weight to our carriage.

The country from Upsala to Braunsbach, where we breakfasted on the 18th, is wild and woody, but Braunsbach itself is pleasantly situated, on what was called the Great D. river, and from this point to Fahlun, the capital of Dalecarlia, the route is delightfully variegated with hill, dale, and lakes; and the village of Strand, which is one of the post stations, commands a prospect which might almost vie with parts of the Lago Maggiore. Huge mounds of cinders announced the vicinity of Fahlun, where we arrived at half-past eight in the evening, having been twenty-nine hours on the road.

The outside of the mine has the appearance of a vast pit of rubbish, on the side of which is a small house that covers the aperture leading to the principal descent. Having put on suitable hats and cloaks to preserve us from the dirt and damp, we followed a

miner down a few steps into a long passage, laid with platforms and staircases of wood till within eighty feet of the bottom, the descent to which is by perpendicular iron ladders. In the course of the passage we entered several galleries; the largest, called the King's Chamber, or the Hall of Council, is inscribed with the names of Gustavus Adolphus, and of more recent princes who have visited the mine.

About half way down a wall of masonry was shown, which it was found necessary to erect to suppress a current of foul air that formerly destroyed some workmen, and which it is not improbable will, at some future period, break forth with more fatal violence.

The origin of the mine is not known; people on the spot said it was one thousand years old, but it can establish its antiquity, according to an existing charter, as far back as 1347. Its depth is about two hundred and forty fathoms, the main shaft being two hundred feet long and one hundred and

twenty broad. We were exactly two hours and three-quarters descending and returning.

We left Fahlun at half-past five in the evening, but did not reach Philipstadt till a quarter-past two on the morning of the 21st, in consequence of having been detained five hours at one stage for horses. At Philipstadt we could only procure a passage room in a dirty inn, and the people intruded so frequently, that Mrs. ——— took refuge in the carriage. The journey had been very dull over a tract of country so remarkable for its constant inequalities, that our guides assured us we had in one stage gone up and down hill fifty-two times. This became wearisome in the extreme : hoping after each ascent to see some new prospect, we beheld the old monotony of forest renewed, and a fresh hill rising to perpetuate our disappointment. The descents are very short, but extremely abrupt and steep ; and the custom of dashing down them with our weak, though active little horses, unprovided with breeching, ap-

peared more dangerous than the furious career of a Russian chariot race. The country between Fahlun and Philipstadt is one tract of ore ; wherever there is a pretty spot near the road, with a flow of water, it has been chosen for the site of a village and for working the mines. We had very little communication with the inhabitants, who were uncouth in their appearance and manners. As we left this district, however, the deportment of the people improved, though, judging from the slight observation I could make during a rapid progress, I should not give the lower classes of Swedes unqualified credit for civil or obliging conduct. The country having become less hilly, we proceeded with more celerity after leaving Philipstadt. On the morning of our departure we passed a fine natural fall, and in the evening crossed the rapid torrent of ————. The forest-trees were now of a greater size, and the lakes numerous and large. The red houses, with their deep white bordered

windows, and the green grass waving on the roofs, have a very picturesque effect ; but on the whole, as far as we had come, we had experienced a remarkable sameness of scenery in Sweden ; the same firs, the same undulations, the same lakes, the same heaps of rocks, and the invariable red cottages of the peasantry.

We arrived on the 22d at Marienstadt, where we remained during the night, and left it the next morning at half-past five, traversing a monotonous line of country, till we reached Trolhätta in the evening, with just sufficient daylight to see the falls and docks. The cataracts of the Gotha are more detailed and have more descents than those of Schaffhausen, but they are not so furious nor so precipitous. The obstruction caused by the falls of Trolhätta, which interrupt the navigation of the river Gotha, is remedied by a canal, which has been cut through granite rocks. This important work, about two English miles long, the breadth thirty-six

feet, and its depth, in some places, more than fifty, in one spot one hundred and fifty, and comprising eight vast locks, contrasts strongly with the general poverty of the country, exhibiting an example of genius and successful enterprise worthy to be classed with similar stupendous undertakings, achieved by far more wealthy and scientific nations.

On our return to the village we found only a wretched pot-house, not fit for our reception ; so, as usual, we retreated to our carriage. The evenings were now shutting in earlier, which rendered this want of accommodation less agreeable ; but notwithstanding our lights, and the preparation of the couriers for our evening meal, the inhabitants left us without molestation, and the village appeared at rest by nine o'clock. At daybreak we quitted Trolhätta : the country in its vicinity is a barren waste ; but we soon fell in with the Gotha, whose course is varied by fine prospects of rocks and mountainous country, as far as Goteborg, where we arrived at half-

past three. Passing the remainder of the day, and sleeping there, we set off at five o'clock on the morning of the 25th, and after various delays and vexations on account of horses, which it would be tedious to particularize, reached Helsinborg on the 26th, at half-past eight at night.

Having heard so much of the expedition of Swedish travelling, we were greatly disappointed on actually trying and comparing it with the rapidity of Russian posting. Between Upsala and Fahlun, a distance of about one hundred and thirty English miles, we scarcely stopped, except to change horses, and yet the journey occupied twenty-nine hours. Again, the circuit from Fahlun to Goteborg does not exceed five hundred and seventy English miles, which (having deducted twenty hours that we delayed for recreation) occupied one hundred and forty-eight hours, allowing less than four miles an hour. In Russia, we travelled from Brsch Litewsky, the frontier town, to Moscow, a

distance of one thousand and seventy-three wersts, in one hundred and thirty-nine hours, including all stoppages, which is at the rate of above seven wersts an hour.

We were detained the whole of the 27th at Helsingborg by a contrary wind, which agitated the waves of the Sound too violently to admit of our crossing to Elsinour, in comfort and safety, in the small open boats which alone are to be procured under the existing monopoly. Although the intercourse between the subjects of the two nations must be great, it is a remarkable circumstance that there is no decked accommodation vessel on the Sound ; and, in addition to this, it will hardly be believed that, in the year 1830, there was not even a crane on the jetty of Helsingborg for the shipping of carriages and heavy goods. . Our barouche was shoved by eight or ten men into a little boat, totally unfitted for its conveyance, at the almost certain risk of seriously damaging it.

If the weather should be moderate, the

boatmen were engaged to call us the next morning at four, that we might avail ourselves of the earliest moment for embarkation. Distrusting their punctuality, however, we rose at the appointed time, without awaiting their summons ; and I had, according to my expectation, to rouse them from their beds. This caused considerable delay ; but perceiving the wind was fair, we hurried off, and made a quick passage of half an hour across : and now we reaped the fruits of our own activity ; for we had scarcely landed on the Danish shore before the wind chopped round, and the tempestuous weather of the preceding day returned with undiminished fury. We were also recompensed for our early rising by the view of nearly two hundred sail of vessels, which profited by the short spirt of wind to effect their passage through the Sound*.

After visiting the fine old castle of Cronenborg, and pacing Hamlet's terrace, we set out for Copenhagen ; but though the distance

* Fourteen thousand sail had passed the Sound in eight months.

is twenty-five miles, and the road execrable, the postmaster insisted on our taking the same horses the whole journey, which we were in consequence seven weary hours in accomplishing.

Nothing struck me more during my residence at Copenhagen than the great share which English affairs occupied of the attention of individuals. Everybody read the English newspapers at the club-house ; and one gentleman assured me that the progress of the Parliamentary elections was watched with anxiety by many of his countrymen ; and the same individual, though not filling a political station, and never having been in Great Britain, knew its leading men by character so thoroughly, that their success or failure, he affirmed, was an object of high interest to him. This gentleman spoke our language perfectly well, and manifested as intimate an acquaintance with the literature of England as with its politics. The admiration of Shakspeare seems to extend to every person of ordinary education. It

might be supposed that such pursuits would produce an attachment to the country to which they relate, or at least lead to just judgments of its inhabitants; but the fact is quite the contrary. The *lethalis arundo* of the expeditions against Copenhagen sticks inextricably deep in the memory of its citizens, and the result is misrepresentation and national hatred. If such feelings had not been willingly cherished, an intelligent person would not have expressed to me an undisguised conviction that the English had destroyed Napoleon at St. Helena by poison; and that the separation of Norway from Denmark was to be imputed to the rooted hostility of Great Britain. The explanations of a single individual could not, of course, avail to check the force of this inimical disposition; but I repeated what I believe to be the opinion of the great majority of Englishmen, that the outrage against Copenhagen was viewed with disgust by the bulk of our nation, and that the sufferers had

possessed their deepest sympathy. Many persons whose property was destroyed by our aggression being yet alive, the smart of the injury must still be felt; besides, some of their public structures even now show marks of the bombardment, and they cannot enter the inferior church*, which at present serves as a cathedral, without regretting the ancient Gothic pile destroyed by English violence. The consequence has been a strong attachment to the French, who evince towards the Danes a corresponding partiality, the reciprocal regard being confirmed by their common dislike of Great Britain.

The candid avowal of this national antipathy, elicited by our natural inquiries as to the state of public feeling, from persons who were at the time showing us unremitting civility and kindness, excited a degree of shame

* This church is adorned with casts of the statues of our Saviour and his Apostles, which report says Thorwaldsen has promised to his native city. If I recollect right, he has already completed at Rome the chief figure of the group, and one or two of the subordinates.

at its existence, as if we were personally culpable, and regret that we were unable to afford the reparation which they seemed so justly entitled to claim. The Danes, too, are so like the English in person, manners, and pursuits, and they have been so long connected with us by the ties of ancestry and friendship, that the alienation may be said to resemble the feud of two families rather than national disunion.

The King of Denmark, though an unlimited despot, is highly popular in his states—an attachment which he has gained by the mildness and excellence of his government. Every Monday, from ten to twelve, he is accessible to the visits of all classes of his subjects, among whom he lives, though the expression be a trite one, as a father*. No restrictions are imposed upon the press—so I was assured—that is, no other restraint than

* The gardens of his private residence, at a short distance from the city, are constantly open to the people, who may stroll uninterrupted under the very windows of the palace.

a publisher derives from the consciousness of the danger of undefined responsibility under an arbitrary government. The recent example of the French revolution made a deep impression on Denmark, in common with the rest of Europe, though, as far as I could collect from conversation on so delicate a topic, the Danes have no wish to disturb the tranquillity of their present monarch by demanding a free constitution ; but whether their self-denial will be extended to his successor, who by no means shares his popularity, is very problematical. But who can speculate on such distant contingencies? The prevalence, however, of the disposition above-mentioned indicates how strong a hold the reigning prince has on the affections of his subjects.

Beyond the natural situation of Copenhagen, which is very striking, there is little to be seen in the city, and that little has been too frequently described to require mention here. The generality of the men appeared to us to be extremely respectable, and the

females pleasing and modest in their deportment. In truth, the Danish ladies resemble, according to my opinion, our own fair countrywomen more than any other women whom I have seen.

Having passed several agreeable days at Copenhagen, we embarked on the 6th of September, at half-past six, on the steam-vessel bound to Kiel, and, after touching at the island of Möen and Fälster, reached our destination early the next morning. Among many other passengers there were several professors proceeding to Hamburg, to be present at the meeting of savans to be held in that city. Such a mixture of persons is pleasant for a certain time;—one had been in Russia, another in Italy, a third at Tranquebar, more had visited England, and all who could speak a little of its language obligingly addressed us first, as being more evidently strangers. There was a tolerable ‘restauration’ on board, but the accommodation below was inadequate, and it raining

almost incessantly, the crowded state of the vessel was uncomfortable. But who will complain at sacrificing a night's rest to the advantage of passing from Copenhagen to Lubeck or Kiel in twenty hours, instead of tossing about, perhaps for weeks, in a sailing vessel, or traversing the uninteresting country intersected by the two Belts * ?

‘The sun, that well-known gilder of eastern ‘turrets,’ (or, as Quevedo calls him, ‘the ‘chieftain of the clocks †,’) lighted up the lovely bay of Kiel as the steamer approached the coast of Holstein. The beauty of the scene, however, is lost as you go inland from the harbour, the entrance to which forms one of the finest prospects in Europe. After breakfast we proceeded on to Ploen, whose situation on two lakes is also extremely beautiful. We were now beginning to realize our expectations of the bad roads of Holstein

* Two steam-vessels ply between Copenhagen and Lubeck and Kiel alternately, during the summer seasons. There is also one on the Great Belt.

† El jefe de los relojes.

and the north of Germany, for we were twenty-nine hours toiling from Kiel to Hamburg, though the distance is only thirteen German miles and a half.

Not having any distinct ideas of the local features of Hamburg, which we had represented to ourselves as a dirty, commercial city, though it has been called the Queen of the Hanse Towns, and the Princess of the Elbe, we were agreeably surprised to be received at an elegant and airy hotel, at the top of a wide street bordered by a public walk looking on a lake. This quarter, called the New Town, extends on the three sides of the lake, and has derived considerable advantage from the demolition of the ramparts, now smoothing down, like those at Vienna, into pleasant walks and gardens. One's original prepossessions, however, may be easily resuscitated by deviating a very little into the old town, which still preserves its ancient integrity of dirt and closeness. At the time of our arrival the city was in considera-

ble excitement created by commotions which had only just been quelled. These petty disturbances had been magnified into an insurrection, and the first story we heard was, that, encouraged by the late popular movements in France, the lower classes had risen in great numbers, demanding a diminution of taxes, and threatening, in the event of refusal, to destroy the Town-house: troops had been called in, and several of the mob killed and wounded *. The reported loss of lives proved unfortunately too true, but the most authentic accounts stated that the commotions had no political character, but were caused by the jealousy and dislike of some young persons towards the Jews, evinced not only by maltreating them in the public places, but by firing into one of the hotels which they were known to frequent. Nevertheless, the alarm of the 'magnificents' (the Burgomasters are so

* One prisoner being required to account for his conduct, alleged that the house-tax was too high; but on being asked at how much he was rated, he acknowledged that he paid nothing, and that it was his friend who was surcharged.

called) was excessive. One proclamation prohibited people from standing still in the streets, and warned them to be at home by seven o'clock in the evening ; another, when ' the reign of terror ' seemed to be over, permitted the cafés to be open till ten o'clock. Troops were to be seen at almost every corner of the streets, the sentries were doubled, and guards stationed at midday on the public walks, whither scarcely anybody besides women and children resorted ; and it cannot be doubted that the frequent presenting of arms and the salutes of the sentries gave great assurance and confidence to the numerous nurserymaids scattered through the gardens. In addition to the ordinary force of the city, the Burgher Guards were called out—of this warlike body I could not refrain from narrowly observing two who were posted together as sentries on a very peaceable promenade. One was a tall, gaunt-looking figure, the other a short, little man, under five feet high, remarkably thick-set, with features like the ornaments of

an embossed cannon. They were comfortably discussing a bottle of spirits behind the sentry-box, when their officer came upon them so suddenly that they had hardly time to conceal the flask, and assume some sobriety of military demeanour. But, instead of saluting the officer together, the little fellow*, nothing abashed by the detection, and, anxious to show his alertness, contrived to make his piece 'tell distinctly' before his comrade, who was hiding his 'pocket pistol,' had even shouldered his musquet. This specimen of military tactics almost realised a story told of some other burgher militia, the captain of which observing a very short man standing in the front rank next to a tall grenadier, desired him to go to the rear, but he replied it was impossible, and being required to give his reasons, he answered that he and his tall comrade had only one brandy bottle between them !

* If we may believe Berni,

Ogni piccoletto é sempre ardito
Ed evvi la ragion, perocche il core
E piu presso alle membra e meglio unito.

The view from the tower of St. Michael is very extensive, and the ascent being easy, amply rewards the trouble of mounting to the gallery. It is usual, when a person of any substance dies, for the sexton to blow forth from the top of the turret a melancholy tune on a bugle. One funeral which we saw was attended by mourners attired in velvet cloaks and full plaited ruffs, according to the ancient Flemish costume.

Females of the lower classes, who pursue creditable occupations, are seldom seen in the street without an oblong basket covered with a shawl under their arm. This basket is in size and shape so like an infant's coffin, that a stranger might imagine that a mortality prevailed among the children of the city, on first observing the multiplicity of these curious badges of respectability.

On the 14th of September a steam-vessel conveyed us in an hour and a half across the Elbe to Harburg, where we obtained horses, and, travelling all night, we reached Zell the

next morning at six o'clock. The mediocre monument of the unfortunate Queen Matilda is placed in the garden of the palace without any defence from the inclemency of the weather. Her body is interred in the church. Lying in the way to Hanover, Englishmen naturally stop to see this monument, but Zell otherwise offers no inducement to curiosity. After traversing a tract of country barren and uncultivated, we reached Hanover at three in the evening. The road is good, having redeemed its character, which was formerly proverbially bad, through the aid of M'Adam, and the horses were large and strong, but the Hanoverian postilions being the most immovable of their tribe, nothing could induce ours to exceed the tedious German mile which they are obliged to perform within the hour.

Those whose lot it is to live at Hanover must find it a very dull residence. Having myself remained there but a few hours, I can only speak of its appearance, which is

that of a gloomy, dirty city, unadorned by any fine buildings, dignified by no antiquities, and unenlivened by any agreeable environs. The monument to the memory of Leibnitz, a rotunda of eight columns with the bust of the philosopher, is placed on the esplanade, where also was constructing a triumphant column of stone one hundred and twenty-five feet high, in honour of the Hanoverians who fell at Waterloo. It is of little consequence to know that the sentimental Zimmerman is buried at Hanover, but one likes and ought to remember that the great Herschel was a native of this city.

The features of the country and the manners of the people change immediately on leaving the capital of Hanover, more undulation of landscape and cultivation of the soil are perceived, and much more civility is experienced. No peasant or wayfaring man salutes you on the northern side; but here the old German courtesy returns. Hammeln, about six miles from Hanover, is well

situated on the Hammel and Weser; and having passed the river, a fine view may be had, which, in our case, was improved by the sight of a dozen cuirassiers in full uniform, crossing the ferry, adding their glitter to the sober features of the ruined church and old bridge near the town. In these dull roads it is necessary to extract a prospect from what one can.

The journey from Pyrmont to Hanover occupied nine hours. A watering-place out of season has a melancholy and almost unnatural appearance. Such seemed Pyrmont to us. The lodging-houses were deserted, its temporary shops were closed, its assembly-rooms darkened, and its long alleys of Linden trees denuded of their leaves, contained only two or three stragglers just preparing to quit the solitude.

Pyrmont is a small town, with about eighteen hundred inhabitants, belonging to the Prince of Waldeck, who usually resides there during the season, and contributes by

his presence to render it one of the most aristocratical watering-places in Germany. It is his Highness's interest to keep up the reputation of a Spring from which he derives 80,000 florins a year, no small item in the revenue of 250,000 dollars. On one of the neighbouring eminences a spot was pointed out to us as the favourite resort of Frederick II. of Prussia—a monarch whose tastes and fancies are, I imagine, at a great discount in these days, when despotism is forced to assume an air of moderation, and oppression dares not claim impunity on account of military expedience or caprice.

Nothing can be worse than the road from Pyrmont to Carlshaven. We were constantly in the expectation of having our carriage broken or overturned, and in one part of the Prussian territories we were obliged to alight, to give it a better chance of escaping injury. The consequence was, that, though we made the shortest possible stay to dine at Carlshaven, we did not

arrive at Cassel till near midnight, after a journey of eighteen hours.

This beautiful city being full of discontent, an insurrection was hourly expected. The grounds of dissatisfaction were said to be the excessive imposts and the parsimony of the Elector, who refused, not only to part with any of his treasures for the public good, but had withheld from the state the promised payment of interest on the money he had received from Great Britain, on account of the Hessians slain while in her employment. No actual tumult had taken place, and the grievances of the people had been represented to the Elector, who had testified a disposition to make concessions, but the citizens were restless till they were actually granted. Hence the influx of troops, and an extraordinary activity at night, evinced in the multiplicity of patrols, &c.

We of course did not fail to visit Wilhelms-höhe, which Mr. Russell has fully described*.

* Vol. I. page 340.

The persons who show the wonders of the place assert, that on the Hercules and the adjoining structures, two thousand men were employed daily for fourteen years; and that the whole work of this Hessian Windsor cost so much, that the amount was concealed, and the accounts destroyed. The curious old castle of Löwenberg, the favourite retirement of the late Elector, should not be overlooked by the visitant to Wilhelmshöhe.

We left Cassel early on the 21st, and reached Marburg in the evening. Continuing our journey we arrived at Geissen after midnight, and were forced, from the heavy rain, to halt till five next morning, when we deviated from the direct road to Frankfort, in order to see Weilburg, which had been represented to us as singularly beautiful; and so indeed was the fact, but the weather forbade any enjoyment of the scenery, and we had only to make the best of our way to Frankfort, which we reached at eight in the evening.

Among the considerations which took us to Frankfort, which we had seen on a former journey, was a wish to obtain some certain information with regard to the state of France and Belgium, and thence decide on the route which we were to follow on our return homewards. Contrary to our expectations, we learned that France was perfectly tranquil, and that it would be imprudent to attempt a passage through the Low Countries.

Since our last visit to Frankfort, the new cemetery called the Friedhof* (place of rest) had been completed, in which the citizens seemed to take a peculiar pride. Indeed, much pains and expense had been bestowed upon it. A lofty iron gateway, supported by immense pillars of the Tuscan order, and flanked by two elegant lodges, opens into a large square, tastefully planted with trees and flowers, and laid out with gravel

* The ordinary name for a burying-ground in Germany, is *Gottes acker* (God's field).

walks. At the upper end is a colonnaded gallery appropriated to the vaults of families of higher rank, who do not choose that the breath of heaven shall visit the remains of their departed relatives too rudely ; the space adjoining the side walls of the great enclosure is also generally occupied by vaults, and in the centre lie the mass of common dead, commingled and undistinguished. It is curious that almost the only elevated spot of ground near Frankfort, and one which commands the best view in the vicinity, has been selected for this repository of mortality, and the smoothest road been constructed for the conveyance of each new tenant to his last abode. But like William of Deloraine in the vale of Teviot, ‘little recks he of the scene so fair,’ and by him the smoothness of the road, and the beauty of the prospect, are equally disregarded. These advantages, however, are duly appreciated by the living, who make the road and the cemetery a sort of fashionable promenade.

Corpses are transferred sooner to the place of interment at Frankfort, and perhaps in Germany generally, than in England. Those of the poorer classes are even removed within a few hours after decease ; they are not, however, immediately inhumed, but placed for a certain time in one of the lodges above mentioned, springs, which communicate with a bell in the opposite building where a watchman resides, being affixed to various joints of the body, so that in the event of reanimation, the alarm is immediately given.

Whether or not these blooming burying-grounds, and their lively promenades, are morally salutary to the survivors, people will judge according to their feelings and temperament.

‘ The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep, damp vault, the darkness, and the worm,’

are two frequently made the ill-founded

‘ Terrors of the living, not the dead ;’

but, on the other hand, a question arises how far it is expedient to indulge in that

familiarity with solemn things, which weakens their awfulness, and tends to confound the corrections of sorrow, and the memory of warnings in one cold sentiment of indifference.

On leaving Frankfort we dined at Wisbaden, that we might take the opportunity of seeing the place, now no longer overrun with company, but it contains nothing besides a great ball-room and a great dining-room. Owing, however, to its vicinity to Frankfort, Mayence, and other large towns, it is a very popular point of reunion for the lovers of gaiety* and gambling. The next day, the 30th of September, we reached Landsberg to breakfast, and in the evening, being informed that we could not pass through the garrison of Metz after eight o'clock, we were constrained to halt at a small town in the vicinity.

* The fondness of the Germans for watering-places, from whatever motive, is so proverbial, that the ladies of a neighbouring town have been jestingly accused of requiring the insertion of a clause in their marriage settlement, provided that they shall be at liberty annually to visit Wisbaden for at least one week during the season.

On entering France an interregnum seemed to exist ; the custom-house officers were withdrawn or did not act, and a cursory examination of our passports was all that we were subjected to. The streets of Metz bore a very gay appearance, almost every house having a tricoloured streamer suspended from its window, while a more ample standard of the same description waved on the principal tower of its venerable cathedral. As the country was flat and uninteresting, we passed on it as quickly as possible by travelling all night, but we now deviated from the direct road to Paris for the purpose of visiting Rheims. It was evident that the people in this part of the country, on the first overthrow of the late government, expected the re-establishment of a republic : the office of the ‘ *Messagéries Royales* ’ was shorn of an epithet now become offensive, and which was expunged with equal care from every inn and shop in the city. As we were walking round the cathedral we overheard a man inculcating

on his son, a child of five years old, abhorrence of the Bourbons, designating them as the 'Brigands du Drapeau blanc,' and loading them with every species of execration. The revolutionary and warlike spirit was also rife among the juvenile classes in several of the smaller towns, which was indicated by their assembling in parties according to their age, even as young as eight or ten years, for drill as national guards.

On visiting a city which had lately undergone so great a convulsion as Paris had suffered, it was natural to expect some striking evidences of the recent agitation, but these effects were manifested not so much by the existing proofs of the late contests, as in the remarkable air of business and occupation which pervaded all classes. The men, having cast off the mien of frivolity and gesticulation formerly characteristic of French manners, were discussing politics in the coffee-houses with gravity and calmness, and many ladies might be seen on the

public walks giving their deepest attention to similar topics detailed in the newspapers. A large crowd assembled in the Place du Châtelet were exulting at an auction of the property of their fallen enemies. One fellow was strutting about in a greasy smock-frock, with a cuirassier's helmet on his head, and a brace of pistols in his girdle ; several persons of decent appearance were carrying off their purchases of musquets and belts ; young men, almost boys, were balancing swords, &c., amidst the plaudits of the women ; and processions of children, who could hardly walk steadily or speak articulately, testified their patriotism by screaming out the Marseillaise hymn. To one accustomed to the tranquillity of a well-organized government, the sight of fire-arms in the hands of a shabbily-dressed man naturally suggests the idea of robbery or lawlessness ; and the number of such individuals in the ranks of the National Guard, and sometimes posted as sentries at public edifices, did

not shed any association of respectability on that important body. We were present at one of the reviews of the National Guard by General La Fayette, in the Champs de Mars, on which occasion everybody enrolled in the corps was anxious to appear in the ranks, even without regimentals *. This gave a very motley character to some of the companies, but every other feeling was sunk in the great absorbing one of enthusiasm. If, as Jefferson asserts, La Fayette's foible be 'a canine appetite for popularity and fame,' his ruling passion must have been now amply gratified. About thirty thousand of his fellow-citizens filed before him in military array, saluting him with exulting *vivas* as they passed his station, (some detachments pur-

* Several women who had distinguished themselves in the battles, preceded some of the companies, others marched in the line, and boys of tender age, in uniforms and in plain clothes, followed in the rear. These Amazons had nothing particularly ferocious in their appearance, but by persons habituated to consider delicacy and tenderness among the characteristics of the female sex, their shameless intrusion on this occasion, which brought to remembrance their recent familiarity with blood, could only be viewed with disgust and abhorrence.

posely stopped to look at him and do him honour, raising their caps on their bayonets,) while the numberless spectators who filled the wide enclosure of the Champs de Mars, and swelled the chorus of plaudits, could scarcely be restrained from interrupting the ceremonial that they might approach their idol. Notwithstanding this excitement, and the congregation of such an immense multitude, no accident happened, nor did anything occur to interrupt the good humour which seemed universally to prevail.

Who would have recognized in this inoffensive, though triumphant assemblage, any of the fierce and intrepid populace, who a few weeks before had by a steady resistance to arbitrary violence, struck their oppressors with dismay, and the world with admiration?

The damage done to the buildings during the contest, was observable in only two or three streets, and on the quay where the Académie des Beaux Arts is situated. The Tuilleries bore no marks whatever of a

struggle, not even a single bar of its gilded railing appearing injured.

I did not anticipate that Calais would afford me subject for a single remark ; but I cannot refrain from mentioning, that in the rage for dressing everything in the new national colours, a miller had, with suicidal satire, decorated his mill with an enormous tri-coloured girouette or vane. — The print of the foot of Louis Le bien aimé has disappeared ; Napoleon pined away his existence at St. Helena ; Charles the Tenth is a refugee in Edinburgh ; and the throne of Louis Philippe reels under the shocks of contending factions.—With such evidence of mutability before his eyes, every Frenchman would do well to make him a phylactery inscribed with the following extract from Gregorio Leti's Life of Sixtus the Fifth:—‘Two gentlemen walking in the gallery at Florence, one of them made a respectful obeisance, as he passed, to the statues of Jupiter and Mercury ; and on being asked

‘ by his friend the reason of the compliment,
‘ he replied that in these times of change, it
‘ was impossible to pronounce who might
‘ gain the ascendancy, and that were those
‘ personages to recover a share of power,
‘ he should not lose by his civility.’

ADDENDUM.

THE following anecdote, describing certain events connected with the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Oppen, of the Prussian service, furnished from the same quarter to which I have already expressed my obligations, having been omitted in the body of the work, is inserted in this place for the gratification of those who lay stress on such remarkable coincidences :—

When Blücher's army arrived on the Rhine, towards the end of the year 1813, Lieutenant-Colonel Oppen, an officer of his staff, was quartered in the town of Höchst, not far from Frankfort, in the house of a merchant who had several daughters. The ladies being musical, and the Lieutenant-Colonel playing on the guitar, this conge-

niality of taste led to a strict intimacy between the parties. Colonel Oppen was at this time ordered on some military expedition, and, expecting his absence to be of short duration, he left various articles of property, including his guitar, in charge of the family, by whom they were secured in his room. The army soon after entering France, Oppen did not return. An inhabitant of Höchst, acquainted with the family, accompanied Blücher's army, through whom a communication was to be maintained when any thing of interest occurred. On the evening of the 14th of February, 1814, as the merchant's family were sitting together, they were startled at the sound, as they thought, of the guitar. They sprang up immediately and ran to the Colonel's apartment, supposing that he had returned and wished to surprise them by his well-known music. On the door, which was locked, being opened, the guitar and every thing else were found exactly as they had been left by their guest, but no-

body was in the chamber. Surprised at this circumstance, they immediately wrote to their friend with the army, stating the occurrence, and requesting to be informed whether any accident had befallen Colonel Oppen. At the same time their friend had communicated to them that Oppen had disappeared on the evening of the 14th, during an engagement, and that no tidings could be procured of him, excepting that his horse had returned alone bloody. The letters crossed each other. These particulars, at first casually reported, were confirmed to my informant by a brother of Colonel Oppen, who was with the army, and by General ——, who was on Blücher's staff when the circumstance occurred. General G——, who had filled a high station in the same army, afterwards corroborated the statement, with the following additions, which have been transcribed as communicated, only the third person being substituted in the narrative for the first :—‘ Shortly before Napoleon unexpectedly attacked Blücher's army,

‘ which was marching gaily on to Paris, not
‘ dreaming of the possibility of any serious
‘ resistance, the officers of the staff assembled
‘ one morning in the town of Vertus, and were
‘ anticipating the pleasure of soon being in the
‘ French capital. They gradually dispersed ;
‘ and Oppen alone remained with General
‘ G——, leaning with his back against the
‘ wall, in deep thought, and downcast, which
‘ was the more striking, as he was brave and
‘ of a lively character. G——, who was his
‘ friend, asked what was the matter? He
‘ replied, that he apprehended misfortunes to
‘ the army and to himself. General G——
‘ reasoned with him, that the army could have
‘ no reverse to fear, having singly defeated
‘ the whole French force, and the grand
‘ army, 140,000 strong, having since come
‘ up, the combined troops were now march-
‘ ing forward agreeably to a concerted plan.
‘ Oppen admitted that there was no reason-
‘ able ground for apprehension, but said that
‘ he had been put into that melancholy mood

‘ by his friend, Major Roeder, (who had been
‘ killed in the early part of the campaign,)
‘ having appeared to him in a dream the pre-
‘ ceding night with his dress besmeared with
‘ blood, and beckoned to Oppen to follow
‘ him. Oppen, however, gradually recovered
‘ his spirits. Very soon after this Napoleon
‘ commenced his attacks on the Prussian
‘ army, which, on the 14th of February, was
‘ nearly cut off, but forced its way through.
‘ At this juncture Oppen rode up to G——
‘ and complained that he could no longer
‘ hold out on horseback. G—— comforted
‘ him, by observing that the engagement
‘ would soon cease, as night was setting
‘ in. Oppen then left his friend’s side, and
‘ not many minutes afterwards his horse re-
‘ turned alone, covered with blood, but Oppen
‘ was never more heard of.

‘ No one,’ observed my informant, ‘ who
‘ knows the parties from whom I had these
‘ particulars, will for a moment doubt their
‘ authenticity, so far at least as regards their

‘ own knowledge of them. The sounds of
‘ the guitar might have been occasioned by
‘ some animal passing over the instrument;
‘ but the strange thing is, that it should have
‘ happened at the very time when Oppen
‘ disappeared, and no doubt was killed.’

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

Disposition des Registres ou Vois, dans le Grand Orgue à Harlem.

Dans le Grand Manuel.

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| No. 1. Prestant . . . 16 pieds | No. 9. Quint . . . 3 pieds |
| 2. Bourdon . . . 16 „ | 10. Tertian . . . 2 fort |
| 3. Octave . . . 8 „ | 11. Mixture 6. 8 à 10 „ |
| 4. Viole de Gamba, 8 „ | 12. Wout-Fluit . . 2 pieds |
| 5. Roer-Fluit . . . 8 „ | 13. Trompette . . . 16 „ |
| 6. Octave . . . 4 „ | 14. Trompette . . . 8 „ |
| 7. Gems-Hoorn . . 4 „ | 15. Trompette . . . 4 „ |
| 8. Roer Quint. . . 6 „ | 16. Haut-Bois . . . 8 „ |

Dans le Manuel Supérieur.

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| No. 1. Prestant . . . 8 pieds | No. 9. Flageolette . . 1½pieds |
| 2. Quintadena . . 16 „ | 10. Sexquialter . . 2 fort |
| 3. Quintadena . . . 8 „ | 11. Echo Cornet . . . 4 „ |
| 4. Baar-Pÿp . . . 8 „ | 12. Mixture . . . 4 à 6 „ |
| 5. Octave . . . 4 „ | 13. Schalmey . . . 8 pieds |
| 6. Flag-Fluit . . . 4 „ | 14. Dulcian . . . 8 „ |
| 7. Nassat . . . 3 „ | 15. Vox Humana . . 8 „ |
| 8. Nacht-Hoorn . . 2 „ | |

Dans le Positif.

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| No. 1. Prestant . . . 8 pieds | No. 8. Supre Octave . . 2 pieds |
| 2. Hol-Fluit . . . 8 „ | 9. Scherp . . . 6 à 8 fort |
| 3. Quintadena . . . 8 „ | 10. Cornet . . . 4 „ |
| 4. Octave . . . 4 „ | 11. Carillon . . . 2 „ |
| 5. Flute. . . . 4 „ | 12. Fagotte . . . 16 pieds |
| 6. Speel-Fluit . . . 3 „ | 13. Trompette . . . 8 „ |
| 7. Sexquialter 2, 3 à 4 fort | 14. Regaal . . . 8 „ |

Dans le Pedale.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| No. 1. Principal . . 32 pieds* | 9. Ruisch-Quint . . 3 pieds |
| 2. Prestant . . 16 „ | 10. Hol-Fluit . . 2 „ |
| 3. Subbas . . 16 „ | 11. Bazuin . . . 32 „ |
| 4. Roer-Quint . 12 „ | 12. Bazuin . . . 16 „ |
| 5. Hol-Fluit . . 8 „ | 13. Trompette . . 8 „ |
| 6. Octave . . . 8 „ | 14. Trompette . . 4 „ |
| 7. Quint Prestant 6 „ | 15. Cincq . . . 2 „ |
| 8. Octave . . . 4 „ | |

60 Voix en tout, 4 Séparations, 2 Tremblans, 2 Accouplemens, 12 Soufflets, et à peu pres 5000 tuyaux.

Les Soufflets ont chacun 9 pieds de long, sur cinq de large.

La hauteur de l'intérieur de l'église est de 111, sa largeur de 173, et sa profondeur 391 pieds. Les Orgues eux-mêmes ont 108 pieds de hauteur, à partir du rez-terre, et 50 de largeur, et ont eu pour facteur CHRISTIAN MULLER en 1738.

J. P. SCHUMANN, Organiste.

Jacobijnestraat, W. 5, No. 83.

* Le Principal a 32 pieds de profondeur ou de mesure. L'exacte longueur du plus grand tuyau, ou du ton le plus profond, est de 38 pieds, et a 15 pouces de diamètre.

APPENDIX B.

ITINERARY.

[The orthography of the German names has usually been marked in the Itinerary from Perthes's map of Germany, 1827.

The stages from Warsaw to Moscow were furnished from the post-office at the former city, and are given as corrected by the courier's accounts.

The stages from Fahlun to Göteborg were dictated to the author by a Swedish gentleman, and were found generally correct as to distance; but the orthography of names in Poland, Russia, and Sweden cannot be relied on as accurate.

It will be understood, that the calculation of time has been made with deduction on account of halts for refreshment, unless otherwise specified.]

* * The * denotes a good inn, the † an inferior one.

| Country. | Date. | Town, &c. |
|-------------------|--------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| FRANCE | May 29 | { Calais Dunkirk |
| | 30 | Ostend |
| BELGIUM | { June 1 | Bruges |
| | 2 | Ghent |
| | 3 | Brussels |
| | 9 | { Mechlin Antwerp |
| | | |
| HOLLAND | 11 | Breda |
| | 12 | { Moerdyk Rotterdam |
| | | |
| | 13 | { Delft The Hague |
| | | |
| | 15 | Leyden |
| | 16 | Haerlem |
| | 17 | Alkmaer |
| | 18 | { Zand Helder |
| | | |
| | 19 | { Medenblick Hoorn |
| | | |
| | 20 | { Brock Saardam |
| | | |
| | 23 | { Amsterdam Utrecht |
| | | |
| GERMANY | 24 | { Ziest Nimeguen |
| | | |
| | | Cleves |
| | 26 | Dusseldorf, <i>via</i> Wesel |
| | 29 | { Elberfeld, Schwelm, ^{and Elb} Cologne |
| | | |
| | July 2 | Siegburg |
| | 3 | { Altenkirchen Limburg |
| | | |
| | 5 | Dietz |
| | 6 | Ems |
| | 9 | Schwalbach |

| Distance. Mts. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 1/2 ... | 4 1/4 ... | Hotel de Flandres * | 4 |
| ... | 6 | | |
| ... | 2 1/2 ... | Fleur de Blé | 5 |
| ... | 4 ... | Hotel de Flandres * | 6 |
| ... | 5 3/4 ... | Hotel d'Hollande * | 7 |
| ... | 3 ... | Hotel de la Grue * | 8 |
| ... | 3 ... | Grand Laboureur * | |
| ... | 4 1/4 ... | Lion d'Or..... | 9 |
| ... | 5 ... | Tête du Cochon..... | 10 |
| ... | 2 1/2 ... | Maréchal de Turenne * But there are apparently better. | 11 |
| ... | 1 3/4 ... | Lion d'Or *..... | 12 |
| ... | 2 ... | Lion d'Or *..... | 14 |
| ... | 3 1/2 ... | Castle | 15 |
| ... | — | | 16 |
| ... | 8 | | |
| ... | 9 | | 18 |
| ... | — | | 20 |
| ... | — | | 21 |
| ... | 10 | | |
| ... | 1 ... | Doelen | 22 |
| ... | 4 ... | Het Zon (The Sun) * | 23 |
| ... | — | Post..... | 24 |
| ... | — | De Plaats Royal * | |
| ... | 10 ... | Thiergarten ** | 25 |
| ... | 15 ... | Hotel de Deux Ponts | 26 |
| English miles. | | Post-House | 29 |
| ... | 13 ... | Cour Impériale *..... | 30 |
| ... | 3 ... | Post-House | |
| ... | 5 1/2 | | 32 |
| ... | 5 1/2 ... | Post-House | 33 |
| ... | 2 1/2 | | 35 |
| ... | 6 ... | Deutsch Haus *..... | 36 |
| ... | 7 1/2 ... | Golden Fountain..... | 38 |

| Country. | Date. | Town, &c. |
|----------------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| GERMANY..... | July 10 | { Schlangenbad |
| | | { Wisbaden |
| | „ 11 | { Mentz |
| | | { Bingen |
| | „ 13 | Treves |
| | „ 15 | Berncastle |
| | „ 16 | { Trarbach |
| | | { Cochem |
| | „ 17 | { Coblentz |
| | | „ 21 |
| | „ 22 | |
| | „ 25 | { Darmstadt |
| | | { Heppenheim |
| | „ 27 | { Mannheim |
| | | { Heidelberg |
| | „ 29 | Wurtzburg |
| | August 1 | { Langerfeld |
| | | { Nurenberg |
| | „ 3 | Ratisbon |
| | „ 5 | Landshut |
| | „ 6 | Munich |
| | „ 8 | Augsburg |
| | „ 10 | Ulm |
| | „ 11 | Stutgard |
| | „ 13 | Carlsruhe |
| | „ 15 | { Rastadt |
| | | { Baden |
| | „ 19 | Gernsbach |
| | „ 20 | { Forbach |
| { Freudenstadt | | |
| | { Ripoldsau | |

On the steamer.

| Distance. Posts. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| — ... | 1 ... | Hotel de Hesse | 38 |
| — ... | 8 ... | Hotel de Quatre Nations bears the highest character. | |
| — ... | — ... | Ville de Paris * | |
| — ... | 3 ... | Post-House | |
| 63½ ... | 15½ ... | Rothén Haus. | 39 |
| — ... | 11 ... | { The Inns here are all so very inferior, that it was not worth while to pre- serve their names. } | 40 |
| — ... | — ... | | 41 |
| — ... | 14 ... | | |
| — ... | 7 ... | Hotel de Treves | 44 |
| But it is much better to cross the river to Ehrenbretstein, where the Cheval Blanc has a high reputation. | | | |
| — Posts. ... | 13 ... | Ville de Paris * | 45 |
| — ... | 4 ... | Hotel d'Angleterre ** | |
| 1½ ... | 3 ... | Trauben * | |
| 1¾ ... | 3 ... | Die Sonne | 46 |
| — ... | 3 ... | Pfalzer Hof ** | |
| — ... | 2 ... | Cour de Bade ** | |
| 8 ... | 16½ ... | Baierische Hof * | 47 |
| 3 ... | { 10 ... | — | 51 |
| 3 ... | | { On the left-hand side, just after crossing the bridge ** | |
| 6½ ... | 12 ... | Goldenen Kreutz * | 56 |
| 4½ ... | 5½ ... | Kron Printz | 59 |
| 4 ... | 7 ... | Goldenen Hirschen | 61 |
| Its reputation has declined under a new master. | | | |
| 3¾ ... | 7 ... | Die drei Mohr ** | 62 |
| 4½ ... | 8½ ... | Post-House † | 65 |
| The Golden Ox has a far better site and appearance. | | | |
| 5½ ... | 10 ... | Roi d'Angleterre | 66 |
| — ... | 9 ... | Goldenen Kreutz * | 67 |
| There is great choice of Inns here. | | | |
| 1½ ... | 2½ ... | Post-House ** | |
| 1 ... | 1½ ... | Badischer Hof * | |
| — ... | 2¼ ... | Golden Ox | 68 |
| — ... | { 6½ ... | Goldenen Lewen | |
| — ... | | Bath-House ** | 69 |

| Country. | Date. | Town, &c. |
|-----------------|-------------------|--------------------------|
| GERMANY | August 23 | { Griesbach |
| | | { Oppenau |
| | | { Oberkirch |
| FRANCE | „ 24 | { Kehl |
| | | { Strasburg |
| GERMANY | „ 25 | Ickerheim |
| | „ 26 | Freiburg |
| | „ 28 | { Neuberg |
| | | { Schaffhausen |
| | „ 29 | Ueberlingen |
| SWITZERLAND | „ 30 | Lindau |
| | „ 31 | Alstetten |

September 1 to 29

September 30 to April 10

| | |
|-----------------|----------------------------------------|
| ITALY | From Trent |
| AUSTRIA | { April 10 To Botzen |
| | { „ 12 Stertzingen |
| | { „ — Brenner |
| | { „ 13 Innspruck |
| | { „ 15 Soll |
| | { „ 16 { St. Johann |
| BAVARIA | { Salzburg |
| | { Neumarkt |
| | { Passau |

| Distance. Posts. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| One day's journey | | | |
| | | { Bath-House | 70 |
| | | — | |
| | | { Gasthof zur Linde * | |
| 1½ ... | — ... | Post-House | 71 |
| ½ ... | — ... | Hotel de l'Esprit | |
| — ... | 3 ... | Post-House | |
| — ... | 3½ ... | Zahringer Hof * | 72 |
| 5 ... | 11¼ ... | La Couronne | 73 |
| — ... | 6¼ ... | Post-House | 74 |
| — ... | 6¼ ... | Golden Goose | 75 |
| — ... | 7¼ ... | Three Kings | 76 |

..... Tours through Switzerland.

..... Journies and Residence in Italy.

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| — ... | — ... | Albergo dell' Europa * | 120 |
| 5¼ ... | 5½ ... | Kaiser Krone ** | 121 |
| 5¼ ... | 8¼ ... | Post-House ††† | |
| — ... | 2 ... | Post-House | 124 |
| 4 ... | 5½ ... | Goldenen Sonne ** | 125 |
| 5¼ ... | 9 ... | Post-House | 134 |
| 2 ... | — ... | — | 135 |
| 4½ ... | 10½ ... | { Hotel opposite the Cathedral in the Grande Place | 136 |
| 1½ | | | |
| 5½ ... | 14 ... | Goldenen Hirschen †† | 139 |
| There are two better looking Inns, the Moor and the Black Eagle. | | | |

| Country. | Date. | Town, &c. |
|-------------------|----------------------|---------------------------|
| AUSTRIA | { April 23 | Lintz |
| | „ 24 | Mölk |
| | „ — | Stein |
| | „ 26 | Vienna |
| | | } By water. |
| HUNGARY | { May 5 | Presburg |
| | „ 6 | Oedenburg |
| AUSTRIA | „ 7 | Baden |
| | „ 8 | Vienna |
| | „ 13 | { Stockerau |
| | | { Budweiss |
| | „ 14 | { Deutschbrod |
| | | { Prague |
| | „ 17 | Lowositz |
| | | } Down the Elbe. |
| SAXONY | „ 20 | Dresden |
| | „ 31 | Meissen |
| | { June 1 | Leipsic |
| | „ 4 | Wittenberg |
| PRUSSIA | „ 6 | { Potsdam |
| | | { Berlin |
| | „ 19 | { Vogelsdorf |
| | | { Müncheberg |
| | | { Cüstrin |
| | | { Balz |
| | | { Landsberg |
| | „ 20 | { Friedeberg |
| | | { Woldenberg |
| | | { Zützer |
| | | { Ruschendorf |
| | | { Deutsch Crone |
| | | { Schönthal |
| | | { Jastrow |

| Distance. Posts. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|---------------------|---------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 6 ... | 12 $\frac{1}{2}$... | Schwartzten Adler ** | 141 |
| — ... | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$... | Inn near the Post-House. | 142 |
| — ... | 3 ... | Inn * | 145 |
| — ... | 8 ... | Stadt London * | 146 |
| 5 ... | 6 ... | Sonne †† | 150 |
| | | Grünen Baume has a good character. | |
| — ... | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$... | Rose † | 152 |
| — ... | 5 ... | Goldenen Hirschen * | |
| 2 ... | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$... | Stadt London * | |
| 2 ... | 39 $\frac{1}{2}$... Including stoppages | Generally the Post-Houses | |
| 6 $\frac{1}{4}$... | | | |
| 5 ... | | | |
| 8 ... | | | |
| 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... | 8 ... | Schwartzten Ross * | 154 |
| | | Schwartzten Ross. | 163 |
| | | Goldenen Schiffe best in appearance. | |
| — ... | 2 $\frac{3}{4}$... | Crown | 164 |
| — ... | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$... | Post-House *** | 165 |
| — ... | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$... | Stadt Wien ** | 174 |
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$... | 2 ... | Goldenen Sonne | 184 |
| 5 ... | 9 ... | Hotel de Prusse ** | 185 |
| 4 $\frac{1}{2}$... | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$... | Goldenen Wein Traube | 186 |
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$... | 8 ... | Einsiedler ** | 187 |
| 2 ... | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$... | Hotel de Russie ** | 188 |
| Ger. Miles. | | | |
| 3 ... | 5 ... | { Stadt Berlin Inn of good appearance | 217 |
| 3 $\frac{3}{4}$... | | | |
| 4 $\frac{3}{4}$... | | | |
| 3 $\frac{1}{4}$... | 8 ... | Post-House | 218 |
| 3 ... | | | |
| 3 $\frac{1}{2}$... | 7 ... | Post-House | |
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$... | | | |
| 3 ... | | | |
| 2 $\frac{3}{4}$... | | | |
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$... | | | |
| 2 ... | | | |
| 2 ... | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$... | Small Inn | |

| Country. | Date. | Town, &c. |
|--------------------|-------------------|---------------------------|
| PRUSSIA | June 20 | Peterswalde |
| | | Schlochau. |
| | | Conitz |
| | | Csersk |
| | „ 21 | Frankenfelde |
| | | Preusch Stargard. |
| | | Dirschau |
| | | Dantzie |
| | „ 23 | Marienberg |
| | | Riesenburg |
| Eylau | | |
| Löbau | | |
| POLAND | „ 24 | Gilgenburg |
| | | Soldau |
| | | Malawa. |
| | | Przasznic |
| | „ 25 | Makow |
| | | Pultusk. |
| | | Sierock |
| | | Jablonna |
| | „ 29 | Warsaw |
| | | Mitosna |
| Minsk | | |
| Kaluszyn | | |
| RUSSIA | „ 30 | Mingosy |
| | | Siedlic |
| | | Zburzyn |
| | | Migdzdee. |
| | July 1 | Biata |
| | | Zalesie |
| „ | „ | Brsch Litewski |
| | | Bulkow |
| | | ———— |
| „ | „ | Kobryn. |
| | | Koraduzna. |

| Distance. Ger. Miles. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|--------------------------|-------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| $3\frac{1}{4}$.. | .. | | 218 |
| 3 .. | 13 | | |
| 2 .. | | | |
| 4 .. | | | |
| $2\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| 3 .. | $6\frac{1}{2}$ | Goldenen Crone | |
| $3\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| 4 .. | | Hotel de Berlin * | |
| $7\frac{1}{4}$.. | $6\frac{1}{4}$.. | Hochmeister. | 224 |
| 5 .. | $4\frac{3}{4}$ | | 225 |
| $4\frac{1}{2}$.. | 9 | Post-House | |
| 2 .. | | | |
| 3 .. | | | |
| 3 .. | 6 | Apothecary's | 227 |
| 2 .. | | | 226 |
| 5 .. | 14 | | |
| 3 .. | | | |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$.. | | Post-House | |
| 3 .. | $6\frac{1}{2}$ | | |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 3 .. | | Hotel d'Angleterre | 227 |
| Polish Miles. | | | |
| 3 .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | | |
| $3\frac{1}{4}$.. | $9\frac{1}{4}$ | { Good Coffee-House near the Post- House * | 231 |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 2 .. | | | |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 2 .. | 3 | | |
| $3\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $3\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 2 .. | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | | |
| $3\frac{1}{4}$.. | 2 .. | Post-House * | 232 |
| Versts. | | | |
| $21\frac{1}{4}$.. | | { Provisions to be had at the Post- House | |
| $14\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 5 .. | | | |
| 3 .. | | | |

| Country. | Date. | Town, &c. |
|------------------|------------------|---------------------------|
| RUSSIA | July 1 | Pruzanny |
| | | Worozvitz |
| | | Michalina |
| | | Rosanna |
| | | Mizeivice |
| | " 2 | Slonim |
| | | — |
| | | Potonka |
| | | Slaniwee |
| | | Snovee |
| | | Nierswierz |
| | | Swierzen |
| | | Kotosow |
| | | Kaydonowo |
| | | Griezyn |
| | | Minsk |
| | | Jachnowka |
| | | Smolewice |
| | | Zodyn |
| | " 3 | Borisaw |
| | | Lozayic |
| | | Kropki |
| | | Midliowki |
| | | Talasym |
| | | Kochanow |
| | | Orsza |
| | | Dubrowna |
| | | Kaziany |
| | | Liady |
| | " 4 | Krasnoy |
| | | Derewya Karaffa |
| | | Smolensko |
| | | Beredichino |
| | | Pnewa Stoboda |
| | " 5 | Michdlewka |
| | | Dorogobusch |
| | | Postaien Dwor. |
| | | Narsheewast. |
| | | Semlawia |
| | | Viazma |

| Distance. Wersts. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|----------------------|-----------------|-------|-----------------------|
| 18 $\frac{1}{2}$.. | 76 | | |
| 20 .. | | | |
| 19 .. | | | |
| 20 .. | | | |
| 16 .. | | | |
| 21 .. | | | |
| 14 $\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 13 $\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 20 .. | | | |
| 24 .. | | | 243 |
| 17 $\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 26 $\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| 16 .. | | | |
| 21 $\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 24 .. | | | |
| 16 $\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 21 .. | | | |
| 15 $\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| 18 .. | | | |
| 19 $\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| 17 $\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | 246 |
| 24 $\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| 16 $\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| 19 $\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 18 $\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| 28 .. | | | |
| 17 .. | | | |
| 13 $\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| 16 $\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| 16 .. | | | 247 |
| 23 .. | | | |
| 23 .. | | | |
| 23 .. | | | |
| 17 .. | | | |
| 25 .. | | | |
| 23 .. | | | 248 |
| 23 .. | | | |
| 26 .. | | | |
| 26 .. | | | |
| 30 .. | | | |

| Country. | Date. | Town, &c. |
|-------------------|------------------|--------------------------------|
| RUSSIA. | July 5 | Griaiz |
| | „ 6 | Grydnovo |
| | | Mozaiska |
| | | Szelkowka |
| | | Kubiaskoe |
| | | Perkaskow |
| | „ 7 | Moscow |
| FINLAND | „ 17 | St. Petersburg |
| | St. Petersburg | |
| | „ 30 | Three First Stations |
| | ... | 4 |
| | ... | 5 |
| | ... | 6 |
| | ... | 7 |
| | ... | 8 |
| | ... | 9 |
| | ... | 10 |
| | ... | 11 |
| | ... | 12 |
| | ... | 13 |
| | ... | 14 |
| | ... | 15 |
| | ... | 16 |
| | ... | 17 |
| | ... | 18 |
| | ... | 19 |
| | ... | 20 |
| | ... | 21 |
| | ... | 22 |
| | ... | 23 |
| | ... | 24 |
| | ... | 25 |
| | ... | 26 |
| | ... | 27 |
| | ... | 28 |
| | ... | 29 |
| | ... | 30 |

| | | St. Petersburg | |
|-------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|--|
| Country. | Date. | Town, &c. | |
| FINLAND | July 30 | 31 | |
| | | 32 | |
| | | 33 | |
| | | 34 | |
| | | 35 | |
| | | 36 | |
| | | 37 | |
| | | 38 | |
| | | 39 | |
| | | 40 | |
| | August 3 | 41 | |
| | | 42 | |
| SWEDEN | | 43 | |
| | Aug. 7 to 12 | From Abo to Stockholm | |
| | „ 16 | From Stockholm to Upsala | |
| | | From Upsala | |
| | „ 17 | Seva | |
| | | Langtora | |
| | | Carleby | |
| | | Tharma | |
| | | Sala | |
| | | Broddeby | |
| | „ 18 | Brunbach | |
| | | Hedemora | |
| | | Uppbo | |
| | | Strand | |
| | | Fahlun | |

to Abo—*continued.*

| Distance. Wersts. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|-------|-----------------------|
| 15 .. | } From St. Petersburg to Abo. | | |
| 13 .. | | | |
| 16 .. | | | |
| 16 .. | | | |
| 13 .. | | | |
| 19 .. | | | |
| 19 .. | | | |
| 18 $\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| 8 .. | | | |
| 9 .. | | | |
| 9 .. | | | |
| 8 .. | | | |
| 3 .. | 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | |

by sea.... 108 276

by water.. 9 282

to Fahlun 284

| Distance. Miles. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 $\frac{3}{4}$.. | } Including much detention. | | |
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 1 $\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| 1 $\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 1 $\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| 1 $\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| 1 $\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| 2 $\frac{1}{4}$.. | 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ | Post-House * | |
| 2 .. | .. | | 285 |
| 2 $\frac{1}{4}$.. | .. | | |
| 1 $\frac{1}{4}$.. | .. | | |
| 2 .. | 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ | { A decent Inn, about 200 yards from the Church | |
| 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 29 | | |

| Country. | Date. | Town, &c. | From Fahlun |
|------------------|-------------------|------------------------|-------------|
| SWEDEN | August 20 | Dahlsjö | |
| | | Naglarby | |
| | | Ryssgården | |
| | | Bomarsbo | |
| | | Smedjebacken | |
| | | Ostanbo | |
| | | Hällsjön | |
| | | Högsfors | |
| | | Laxbro | |
| | | Hjulsjö | |
| | | Nytorp | |
| | | Saxän | |
| | | Onshyttan | |
| | | Philipstad | |
| | „ 21 | Asphyttan | |
| | | Lungsund | |
| | | Bergsjö | |
| | | Christineham | |
| | | Wall | |
| | | Björstorp | |
| | | Towed | |
| | | Hasleror | |
| | | Mariestad | |
| | | Björnsäter | |
| | „ 22 | Forshem | |
| | | Westerplan | |
| | | Lidköping | |
| | | Mallby | |
| | | Ostosa | |
| | | Friel | |
| | | Hallby | |
| | „ 23 | Wennergö | |
| | | Trollhättan | |
| | | Fors | |
| | „ 24 | Karra | |
| | | Kattleberg | |
| | | Göteborg | |

to Göteborg.

| Distance. Sw. Miles. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | } 33 Much detention. | | |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| 1 .. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 1 .. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| $2\frac{1}{8}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{3}{8}$.. | | | |
| $2\frac{1}{8}$.. | | | |
| 1 .. | | | |
| $\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$.. | } 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Post-House † | 287 |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 2 .. | | | |
| $1\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{5}{8}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{3}{4}$.. | } 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Decent Inn | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{5}{8}$.. | | | |
| 1 .. | | | |
| 1 .. | | | |
| $\frac{5}{8}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | } 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | |
| $\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |

$\frac{16}{8}$ Swedish Miles.

| Country. | Date. | From Göteborg Town, &c. |
|---------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| SWEDEN. | August 25 | Karra |
| | | Kongsbacka |
| | | Asa |
| | | Backa |
| | | Warberg |
| | | Morup |
| | | Falkenberg |
| | | Sloinge |
| | | Qvibille |
| | | Halmstad |
| | | Kärrby |
| | | Karup |
| | | Margretorp |
| | | Engelholm |
| Flenninge | | |
| „ 26 | Helsingborg | |
| DENMARK | „ 28 | Cross the Sound |
| | | From Elsineur to Copen- hagen |
| | Sept. 6 & 7 | From Copenhagen By th. |
| HOLSTEIN. | „ | From Kie |
| | | Preetz |
| | | Plön |
| | | Oglerot |
| | | Segeberg |
| | | Hamburg |

to Helsingborg.

| Distance. Sw. Miles. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------------|-------|-----------------------|
| $\frac{3}{4}$.. | } $38\frac{1}{2}$ Much detention. | | |
| $1\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{8}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{5}{8}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{5}{8}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{8}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | |
| 1 .. | | | |

$22\frac{3}{4}$ Sw. Ms.

to Elsineur $\frac{1}{2}$

Eng. Miles.
25 .. 7

to Kiel 23
Steam-boat.

to Hamburg. }
 $2\frac{1}{2}$..
 2 ..
 4 ..
 $4\frac{1}{2}$..
 3 ..

Belvedere Hotel **

116 Ger. Miles.

| | | | From Hamburg | |
|-------------------|------------------|---|------------------------|--|
| | | | By the | |
| Country. | Date. | | Town, &c. | |
| GERMANY | September 15 . . | { | Welle | |
| | | | Soltan | |
| | | | Bergen | |
| | | | Celle | |
| | | | Schillerslag | |
| | | | Hanover | |
| | „ 16 . . | { | Springe | |
| | | | Hameln | |
| | „ 18 . . | { | Pyrmont | |
| | | | Höxter | |
| | | | Carlshaven | |
| | | | Hofgeismar | |
| | | | Cassel | |

to Harburg, $1\frac{1}{4}$.

Steam-vessel.

| Distance. Ger. Miles. | Time. Hours. | Inns. | Ref. to text. Page |
|--------------------------|-------------------|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 4 .. | } $16\frac{1}{2}$ | | |
| 4 .. | | | |
| $3\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | 305 |
| $3\frac{3}{4}$.. | | | |
| 3 .. | } $5\frac{1}{2}$ | | 306 |
| $3\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| $3\frac{1}{4}$.. | | | |
| $2\frac{3}{4}$.. | } 9 | | |
| 3 .. | | Gasthaus von Herlich † | 308 |
| $3\frac{1}{2}$.. | } 18 | } Bad roads. | |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | A good Inn |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$.. | | | 309 |
| 3 .. | | | Roman Emperor ** |
| | | | 310 |

41 $\frac{3}{4}$

APPENDIX C.

INSBRUCK *to* SALZBURG.

| | Posts. |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Volders | 1 |
| Schwatz | 1 |
| Rattenberg | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Wörgel | 1 |
| Soll | 1 |
| Ellman | 1 |
| St. Johann | 1 |
| Wädring | 1 |
| Umken | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Reichenhall | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Salzburg | 1 |
| | <hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> |
| | $11\frac{3}{4}$ |

PRESBURG *to* BADEN, *by* Oedenburg, *in* Hungary.

| | Posts. |
|----------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Kitsee | $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Parendorf | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Gschies | $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Oedenburg | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Höflein | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Winpassing | 1 |
| Laxenburg | 1 |
| Baden | 1 |
| | <hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> |
| | $9\frac{1}{4}$ |

PRAGUE to LOWOSITZ.

| | Posts. |
|--------------------|--------|
| Sperling | 1 |
| Weldrus | 1 |
| Doxan | 1½ |
| Lowositz | 1 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 4½ |

DRESDEN to BERLIN, by Leipsic and Wittenberg.

| | German Miles. |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| Meissen | 3 |
| Klappendorf | 2 |
| Oschatz | 2 |
| Luppa | 1¼ |
| Wurtzen | 2 |
| Leipsic | 3 |
| Delitsch | 2½ |
| Bitterfeld | 2 |
| Grafenhaynehen | 2 |
| Wittenberg | 3 |
| Belitz | 2¼ |
| Potsdam | 2¾ |
| Zehlendorf | 2 |
| Berlin | 2 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 31¾ |

THE END.

CORRIGENDA.

| Page | Line | |
|------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 8 | 7 | <i>for</i> Rubens <i>read</i> Rubens's. |
| 45 | 17 | <i>for</i> Melibœus <i>read</i> Melibocus. |
| 111 | 10 | <i>for</i> manea <i>read</i> manca. |
| 119 | 3 | erase the semicolon. |
| 161 | 5 | of the note, <i>for</i> buscadime <i>read</i> buscadme. |
| 187 | 10 | <i>for</i> lehrnte <i>read</i> lehrnte ; Same page, <i>for</i> staib <i>read</i> starb. |
| 315 | 4 | of the note, <i>for</i> provided <i>read</i> providing. |

\$

3-1997





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